FEATURING THE GRAPHIC NOVEL *BORGIA* BY JODOROWSKY & MANARA

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Borgia–Blood For The Pope
©SEFAM / Albin Michel BD, Manara & Jodorowsky, 2004

STAFF

publisher & editor-in-chief...KEVIN EASTMAN

vice president/ executive director...HOWARD JUROFSKY

managing editor...DEBRA YANOVER

designers...BORYS GRAPHICS

subscription manager ..PAT HAYWARD

editorial polyglot....FERSHID BHARUCHA

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◀ Illustration by Micah L Lee
To find out more about Micah's work, you can contact www.ebonflow.com or anything@ebonflow.com

In Memoriam

William "Bill" Liebowitz

1941-2004

A dear friend, and a fellow comic fan, and a brother geek…there are too many wonderful moments I would need to share about you to fully express all my feelings to all the Heavy Metal fans that never got the chance to know you…but they'll trust me when I say, "You were the best, and you will be sadly missed."

I promise to keep all the happy memories close by.

Which should be easy as I'm married to the "Love of my Life" who I met in your store…

So, as I always have, I'll be thanking you for each day that I get to wake up next to her with a smile.

—Kevin Eastman

With deepest sympathies and warmest respects to the Liebowitz family from the Heavy Metal Staff.

— Howard Jurofsky, Debra Yanover, Pat Hayward, Kevin Russell, Kelly Meeks

GALACTIC GEOGRAPHIC © 2004 Karl Kofoed

GALLERY

WAR BY PROXY?

Historic work of art recalls an unusual solution to a territorial dispute

Few stories in the annals of Federation lore are more popular among colonial traders than the "Legend of the Two," a mythic tale of war that has generated speculation and controversy whenever it is shared. It is no surprise that writers and artists have been compelled by it in a variety of ways.

On the opposite page is a reproduction of a painting currently on display at the *Northern Oceans Colonial Museum* on Planis Prime.

The painting depicts two warriors, each representing a different species and culture, engaged in battle – by proxy. We are witness to a stuggle between two entities from different worlds confronting each other in a fight for a moon whose resources are in dispute. One of the warriors, both using weapons unique to their culture, will perish in combat under the watchful eyes of two bodies of cheering representatives overlooking a ravine where the epic battle is being waged.

Hundreds of years old, the painting was a gift to the Galactic Geographic Society by the Waltzer Estate and the Planis Atlantians whose ancestors first explored the watery, Earthlike, world over a hundred years ago.

Historians have no record of such a confrontation ever occuring, certainly among any of the three civilizations making up the Federation of Worlds.

Art experts claim that the painting's appeal is nostalgic, because it represents war, which historically has been called an art in itself.

Indeed, the fluid lines of this work suggests a dance, one that is as ancient as mankind itself.

When humans began to interact with outsiders, they recognized early on that confrontations would always be counter-productive to commerce and, more importantly, scientific inquiry. Today, science guides the human expansion to the stars. As a result, commerce and the art of diplomacy have advanced also. Throughout human history the true victims of war are not combatants, as this picture might suggest, but those who get in war's way ... the innocents. Today war is seen as having no purpose, even to control population, because war always has preceded population growth.

Nowadays, Federation Colonists let science establish the appropriate guidelines for interaction and trade between species whose very biologies may be in conflict. In such circumstances war is unthinkable.

KARL KOPOED – GALACTIC GEOGRAPHIC – EARTH

Now available from Chrysalis-Paper Tiger Books • Galactic Geographic Annual 3003 - Earth Edition

GALLERY

EDGAR ESPINO

Born in 1977, Edgar Espino began his freelance practice in early 1995. A self-taught artist, his ability to portray the female form in various settings has made him one of the best illustrators of erotic-fantasy art in Chicago.

His art has been shown in various private exhibitions and shows with great success, regardless of the opinion of critics who's input have only contributed to the artist's sympathy among peers and fans of his work. His paintings show a personal admiration for the female spirit through pin-up, fantasty and erotic images. A trademark like that of the artists he admires.

Over the past few years his development as an artist has progressed along with his fascination for female sensuality. Following the steps of other great artists such as Carlos Cartagena and Lorenzo Sperlonga to name a few, his expression of thought is becoming a nice addition to the modern world of pin-ups and erotic fantasy art.

All Hail Buck Rogers and Tarzan of the Apes!

I did not want to let 2004 pass without calling your attention to the fact that this year marks the 75th anniversary of two milestones in comics history: the publication of the first two illustratively drawn adventure strips, *Tarzan* with art by the justly celebrated Hal Foster and *Buck Rogers* written by Philip Nowlan (based on his science fiction novel *Armageddon 2419 A.D.*) with art by Dick Calkins. In a strange coincidence, both strips debuted the same day, January 7th, 1929, setting off an explosion of classic adventure strips that lasted throughout the 30's, 40's and 50's, finally grinding to a halt in the late 60's, when adventure strips began to disappear from newspaper comics pages as they lost readership or their creators died off or retired. Right now, you'd be hard pressed to find any adventure strip in an American paper including Buck, who has given up the ghost after a brief revival by TSR in the 90s. Tarzan continues to be produced, though few American papers carry the strip and it's largely done for foreign syndication. These days, the newspaper comics page is almost solely the dominion of humor strips such as *Doonesbury*, *Get Fuzzy*, *Opus* and *Dennis the Menace*, peppered with a few venerable soap opera continuity strips like *Mary Worth*, *Rex Morgan, M.D.*, while a handful of dinosaur adventure strips like *Dick Tracy* and *The Phantom* limp along, sustained by their readership in Europe and South America. The modern era, for the last three decades, has not been kind to America's comic strip adventurers. Even an expensive, well publicized revival of Milton Caniff's classic *Terry and the Pirates* in the late 1990s with art by fantasy specialists Greg and Tim Hildebrandt, flopped in a relatively short time.

Fortunately, there are many treasures of the adventure strip genre that are widely available in reprints, notably Fantagraphics Books' ongoing *Prince Valiant* series, which has lasted long enough to reprint not only Hal Foster's entire run on the strip, but also that of his successor John Cullen Murphy. *Buck Rogers*, it must be observed, has been reprinted here and there, notably in two different giant collections that reprinted the very earliest strips by the original creators as well as later Sunday strips by people like Rick Yaeger and Gray Morrow.

Fans of Hal Foster's Tarzan comic strips finally caught a break in the early 90's when NBM reprinted Tarzan in lavish color volumes shot directly from printed Sunday pages, bringing the gorgeous 4-color printing to modern readers. NBM published all of Foster's strips as well as those of his successor, the deliriously baroque Burne Hogarth. The Tarzan newspaper strip has continued up until the present day, sometimes drawn by good artists like Bob Lubbers, Dan Barry, Gray Morrow, Russ Manning and Gil Kane, at other times by mediocre hacks like Rex Maxon, William Juare, and Mike Grell. Still, there was more good art than bad, which is probably one reason why the Tarzan newspaper strip is still regarded with fondness by aficionados. Tarzan fared equally well in comic books, with some beautifully drawn pages contributed by the aforementioned Mr. Manning, as well as Doug Wildey, Warren Tufts, and Joe Kubert, among others.

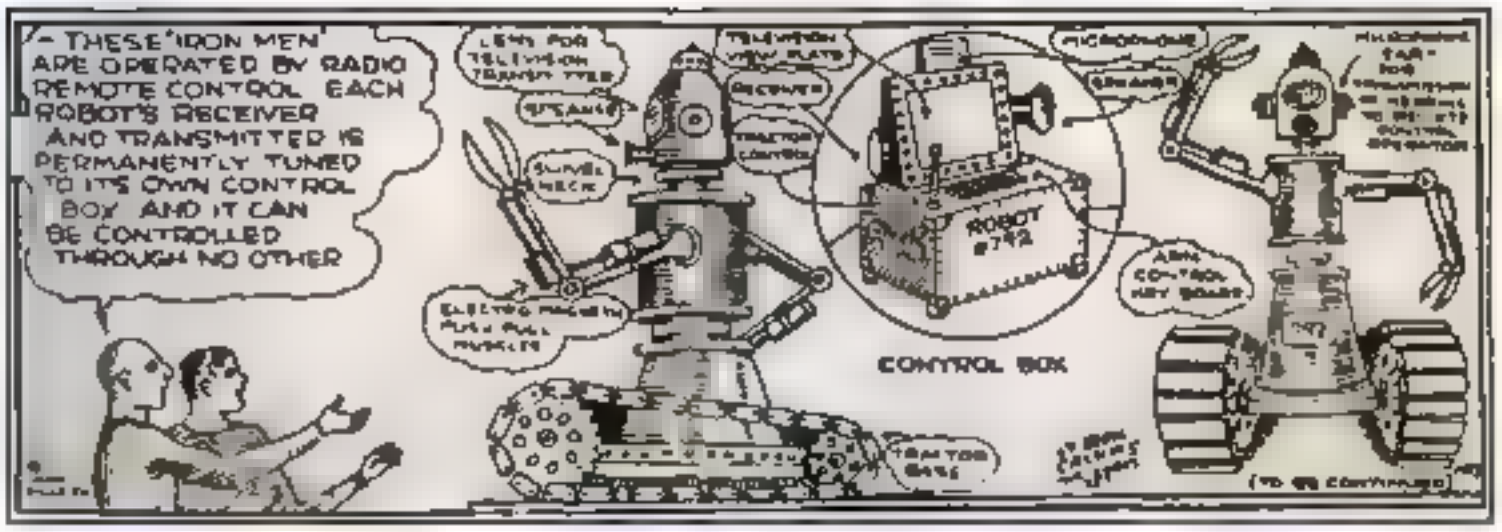
Right now, 75 years after Tarzan and Buck Rogers first appeared, it's hard to understand the incredible impact that these two classic highly influential strips had on the world of comics. To this day many fans regard Foster's Tarzan as the definitive visual representation of the character despite the torrent of excellent art by masters such as J. Allen St. John, Frank Frazetta, Roy Krenkel, Neal Adams, even N.C. Wyeth, who painted two Tarzan covers for pulp magazines. Foster's work on Tarzan (and later on Prince Valiant) had a huge impact on the way comic book art looked in the 30's, 40's and 50's. It's no exaggeration to state that the ripples of his influence continue to spread to this day, some 67 years after he drew the last Tarzan Sunday page.

Buck Rogers, though it was never as well drawn as Foster's Tarzan strip, was in many ways far more imaginative than Edgar Rice Burroughs' jungle strongman. Although in the hands of Nowlan and Calkins' successors Buck became just another generic space adventurer, the first strips showed

Buck Rogers, a mining engineer trapped by a cave-in and preserved by subterranean gasses, emerging into the world of the future 500 years later. And what a world it was! Buck Rogers' world was initially ruled by the Mongols, demonic Orientals bent on ruling the world and enslaving all Americans through their use of advanced airships and high-tech weaponry. Calkins' art, crude though it was, had a certain naive charm that suited the tone of the strip perfectly. Calkins' anatomy and staging may have been rather clumsy, but he had an undeniable enthusiasm for drawing the various rocket ships, ray guns and robots that cranked through the Buck Rogers strip. Unlike any other newspaper strip of its time, *Buck Rogers* was an immediate hit and by the 1930's generated one of the first great merchandising bonanzas inspired by a newspaper strip. In time it sparked the creation of literally hundreds of different products including rocket ship toys, ray guns, board games, kids' clothes, even a movie serial starring Buster Crabbe (an actor who was

far more famous for playing Flash Gordon in three other serials), as well as a long-running radio show that was one of the best of its kind. In his heyday, Buck was a merchandising titan, who made millions of dollars even during the depths of the Great Depression. The Buck Rogers newspaper strip ran from 1929 until the daily strip was finally killed off in 1967. With the success of NBC's Buck Rogers TV series (which featured a notable cameo appearance by Buster Crabbe as "Col. Gordon"), the strip was briefly revived with Gray Morrow as the artist in 1979 and it ran until 1981. In the fall of 1982, Jack Sparling revived it, but this revival didn't last long, and by 1983, Buck Rogers was out of the comics for good. However, Buck lasted long enough to enter the American vernacular, as in the phrase, "real Buck Rogers stuff" used to describe any kind of advanced, futuristic technology.

Tarzan, under the shrewd eye of his creator, pulp novelist Edgar Rice Burroughs, was equally successful in the merchandising arena, inspiring just as many product tie-ins as Buck Rogers, and exceeding him in some arenas, such as films. Buck may have ruled the airwaves during the radio era, but Tarzan was definitely King of the Cinema Jungle. To date, there have probably been more Tarzan films made worldwide (many of them unauthorized foreign films) than for any other character, with the possible exceptions of Sherlock Holmes and Count Dracula. Tarzan's name has also been linked to a galaxy of licensed products, from ice cream and cigars to gasoline, even a youth group, the Tarzan Clans of America, that at its peak, rivaled the Boy Scouts in terms of membership. Tarzan has continued to conquer the comic book arena well into the 1990s, with companies like Malibu and Dark Horse adding to the Ape Man's legend. Dark Horse in particular did a good job on their various Tarzan titles, with interior art by talents such as Lee Weeks and covers by the incomparable Arthur Suydam. In 1995 Dark Horse even took the unusual step of serializing in four issues the last unfinished Tarzan novel (completed by horror novelist Joe Lansdale) printed in comic book format, its text peppered with beautiful illustrations by the likes of Michael Kaluta, Charles Vess, and Thomas Yeates. At present, Tarzan


THESE IRON MEN ARE OPERATED BY RADIO REMOTE CONTROL. EACH ROBOT'S RECEIVER AND TRANSMITTER IS PERMANENTLY TUNED TO ITS OWN CONTROL BOX AND IT CAN BE CONTROLLED THROUGH NO OTHER
CONTROL BOX

is somewhere in comic strip limbo, but it's highly likely that Burroughs' immortal jungle adventurer will make an eventual comeback in comics and the movies. After all, it's hard to keep a good Ape Man down. Ed Burroughs' Tarzan is truly a citizen of the world. Walk down a street anywhere on the planet and beat your chest and do the Tarzan yell from the movies and everyone will recognize the character you're portraying. Tarzan is now part of humanity's collective mythology. He'll never truly die.

And for that matter, it's just as hard to keep a good stouthearted spaceman down. Even though Buck and Tarzan aren't making many other media appearances these days, Dark Horse has reprinted them as collectible figurines in its series of classic comics characters. Sculpted by the talented crew at Yoe Studios and packed in cool, lobbed metal boxes, they're wonderful reminders of the glory that once was the American adventure strip. The hip folks at Dark Horse (good sports that they are) even commissioned Yoe Studios to produce a figure of Wilma Deering, Buck's saucy and resourceful girlfriend. If your local comics shop doesn't carry them, you can order them directly from the Dark Horse web site: www.darkhorse.com. NBM may even have a few of their Hal Foster and Burne Hogarth Tarzan volumes left, so check out their web site at www.nbmpublishing.com. And as always, tell 'em Heavy Metal sent you.

If you've never seen any of the original Buck Rogers or Tarzan strips, then by all means look them up. Those two characters have both had an incalculable impact on our popular culture and on America's collective fantasy life. In fact, I'll boldly say that without Buck Rogers, magazines like *Heavy Metal* might never have existed, so after you finish reading the latest issue of HM, go explore your roots, metal heads. You're in for a real treat as you dive into two of America's greatest pop-culture treasures. Frankly, I envy anyone who's experiencing Hal Foster's incredible art and Phil Nowlan's fantastically imaginative stories for the first time. Long live Tarzan, Lord of the Apes, and Buck Rogers, the original King of the Spacewaves! May they live on in humanity's collective consciousness for the next two thousand years.

GONE—IN A FLASH!

It's with sad duty to report the passing of Harry Lampert, the Golden Age artist whose labors created the great comics writer Carmine Infantino to create the Flash for All-American Comics. The Flash debuted in January 1940, and Harry Lampert began his art career at the age of 16. He worked in the publishing industry's Golden Age, drawing such features as Speed Saunders, Ace Drummond, Red Rube Rogers, and Lampert's own creation, Dickie Dean. He drew the Flash from his debut in 1940 until 1942, when he left to serve in the Army. Lampert went on to study at the School of Visual Arts in New York City and founded his own advertising agency, the Lampert Agency, whose clients included Olympic Airways, Seagrams, and the U.S. Naval Academy. Lampert remained active in the comics industry, becoming an expert in contract bridge and eventually penning a book, *How Good Are You at Bridge?*, which became a bible of sorts for bridge fans. It's easy considering the vast fame and popularity of The Flash that Lampert wasn't much of a superhero fan. His daughter, Karen Lampert Ackerman, told me that he read the gag type of comics. He was a fine cartoonist, but the superhero genre just didn't interest him. Lampert is survived by his wife, Adele, his daughter, and two grandsons.

I met Lampert at the San Diego Comic-Con several years ago, and he was a delightful gentleman and a true lover of the comics medium. He was one of many comics artists and good friends I've known over the years. He was one of the old-time comic book artists. He was a class act and a real gentleman. He will be missed.

THE MORNING AFTER

AS THE SUN'S FIRST RAYS START LICKING THE FRESH DEW...

SOME PEOPLE ARE RARIN' TO GO.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A 12-MILE JOG TO START THE MORNING!

SOME PEOPLE DON'T KNOW WHEN ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

I THINK I COULD START ALL OVER AGAIN...

DON'T YOU?

SOME PEOPLE TAKE A LONG TIME TO RECUPERATE.

HUFFFUH!

OK! I'LL GO MAKE THE COFFEE

SOME PEOPLE WAKE UP GRUMPY (AND HAIRY!)

I HOPE YOU MAKE BETTER COFFEE THAN YOU MAKE LOVE!

SOME PEOPLE ARE JUST GROSS.

'CAUSE BREAKFAST IS THE MOST IMPORTANT MEAL... BURP..

SOME PEOPLE GET THROWN OUT!

HEY!

DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?...

FRIENDLY ADVICE

IF YOU HAD TO SEE THE SAME OLD MOVIE EVERY DAY, YOU'D GET BORED, RIGHT? WELL, IT'S THE SAME WITH SEX. YOU HAVE TO SWITCH CHANNELS.

RENEW AND IMPROVE YOUR DAILY FARE:

COMING UP NEXT: "WILD WIENERS IN THE WIND".

I DON'T CARE HOW WILD THEY ARE, JUST SLOW THEM WIENERS DOWN A BIT!

EXPLORE AND INVENT NEW WORLDS:

I'VE TRIED THE HARE, THE TORTOISE, BUGS BUNNY, AND ROGER RABBIT. I'M RUNNING OUT OF IDEAS.

VARY AND ENHANCE YOUR PLEASURES.

DO YOU WANNA DO IT IN THE CARROT PATCH?

READ AND REREAD THIS GUIDE:

OH, OH, MY RANDY RABBIT!

COME QUICKLY AND FIND WHERE THE EASTER BUNNY HID THE CARROT!

AND IF YOU ENJOY MISBEHAVIN', THE FAITHFUL WRITERS OF THIS GUIDE WILL GIVE YOU MORE TIPS IN FUTURE EPISODES ON HOW TO ENJOY EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY OF YOUR SEXUALITY.

IT'S THE EDITOR. HE WANTS TO KNOW IF WE'RE WORKING...

TELL HIM WE'RE GOING ON A RESEARCH TRIP.

TAHITI PRIVATE JET

The TUNGSTEN HOG presents A-crazy-A

WORDS & PICTURES by LIAM SHARP

Featuring TIFFANY TAYLOR as "A-crazy-A"

The TUNGSTEN HOG unfolds the meta-scape four billion lightyears from the Fart Fark, on the far side of the Pyramid Nebula.

She is a Neptile FKT7 Over-Space Battle Cruiser.

She is five thousand years old. And she is a legend...

Orbiting the eighth planet of an uncharted, unnamed, hitherto unknown solar system is the BOWER of BLISS.

She had, until now, been thought a myth...

FUCKIN' MAJOR TOOBER! Holy shit! Are you SEEING THIS!?? Looks like every holo-graphic I saw at the academy!

I know it's not possible, sir. But all the instruments are telling me she's REALLY there...

Let's not go getting all Crazy-Eddie yet son.

Any life signs?

The plasma-drones are scanning her now sir. There's...

Yeah, there's definitely SOMETHING there...

OK then, let's take her about. Steady as she goes.

OH FUCK!!

...Private? Sorry, sir. It's just... That really IS her...

The legendary BOWER of BLISS!!

Bower of Bliss is a ghost story son. What's it say on her bow? Can you make it out.

"Bl... Yeah, sir. That's just it... It says "The Bower Of Bliss" sir.

HOLY CRAP/STP

What else can you tell me Private?

Private?

Talk to me son...

Human?

CRAP!

Is he injured?

What's his status?

SHE!!!???
...?SIM!

HOLY FUCK!!!
WAI they step at NOTHING!!???
Get my Space-Master WAR HOG prepped.
We're going in...
Thankyou Private.
13.
I've lost over a HUNDRED good men to this region, son.
Seen the VILE ALIEN SCUM what killed 'em try n sneak aboard the Tungsten Hog, infiltrate my crew..
I PERSONALLY killed each and every one ..
And hell, it looks like we just ran into the GODDAMN MOTHERSHIP!

CRY HAVOC!

And let slip the HC GSof WAR!

There

Seal the area!

Let's get these DAMN AIRLOCKS open!

I'm going to fucking MUTILATE the CHICKEN-SHIT OCTOPOID MOTHERFUCKERS what MURDERED my BOYS....

Wha-th-fuck...

DIE you COCK-SUCKING SPAWN of HADES!!!

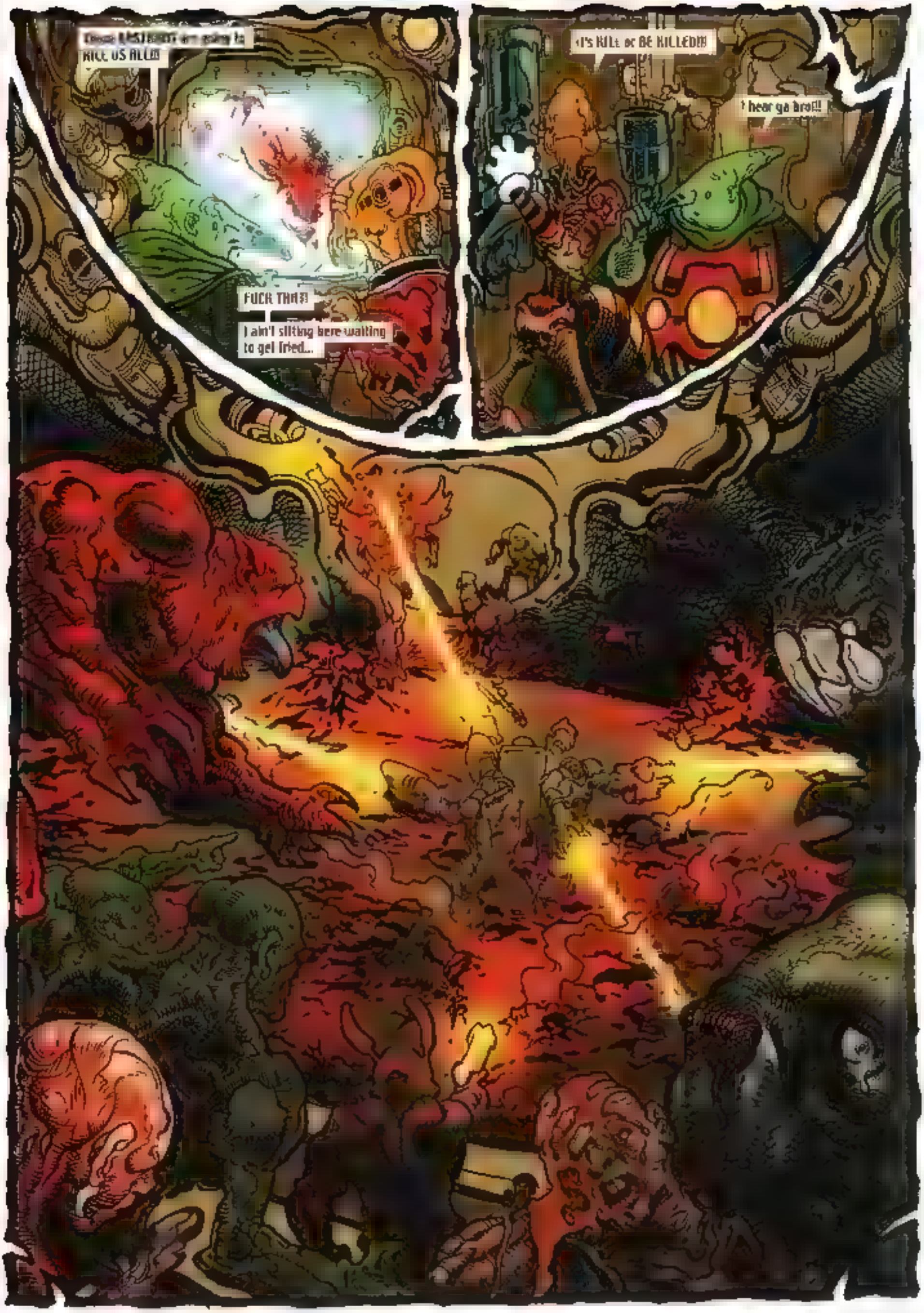
No, wait ..

Oh shit...

KILL THOSE MURDERING *SAPROPHYTES!*

RUMBLE!!

RUMBLE!!


KILL US ALL!!!
FUCK THAT!
I ain't sitting here waiting to get fried...
IT'S KILL or BE KILLED!!!
I hear ya bro!!!

Never was there such a thing as a
And by it's conclusion, one warrior

Uh... Ma'am, I represent the FEDERATION of CROSS-UNILATERAL EXPURGATION in service of the [redacted] of the UNITED SENTIENTS of the [redacted]

You're SAFE now.
We have come to RESCUE you...

The tiny plasma-drones of the Tungsten Hog continued to monitor the Bower of Bliss, their meta-waves penetrating the subspace between her atoms, looking for answers.
Looking for LIFE.
Once The boarding party had entered the legendary alien vessel all transmissions had ceased, leaving the Tungsten Hog blind and leaderless. Faint vibrations detected across the dark ship's surface suggested the conflict inside, but within hours these too faded to nothing, and all was still again. The Bower of Bliss would not give up her secrets.
And so the Tungsten Hog waited. And then waited some more.
Until at last it began to dawn upon the crew that their great leader would not be returning to them.
However, the Bower of Bliss still had ONE more surprise...

Good Christ! There's somebody in airlock 7...

THIS IS THE TUNGSTEN HOG. PLEASE IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

Scanning intruder...

SHIT!

THE UNIFORM!

IT'S MAJOR TODGER!!!

WELCOME BACK, SIR.

IT'S BEEN 6 DAYS! WE'D ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE!

SOME OF THE MEN WANTED TO COME AFTER YOU, SIR!

AFTER YOU LEFT WE

LOST ALL CONTACT.

SOME SORT OF SHIELD...

THE PRESIDENT SENT ORDERS THAT WE SHOULD PULL OUT...

...AT LEAST UNTIL WE KNOW MORE ABOUT THE THREAT...

OH FUCK!!
IT'S ONE OF THEM!!!

"LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, MAJOR TODGER!!!

RUN!!!

KILL THE MURDERING SCUM!!!

No, wait. Ju

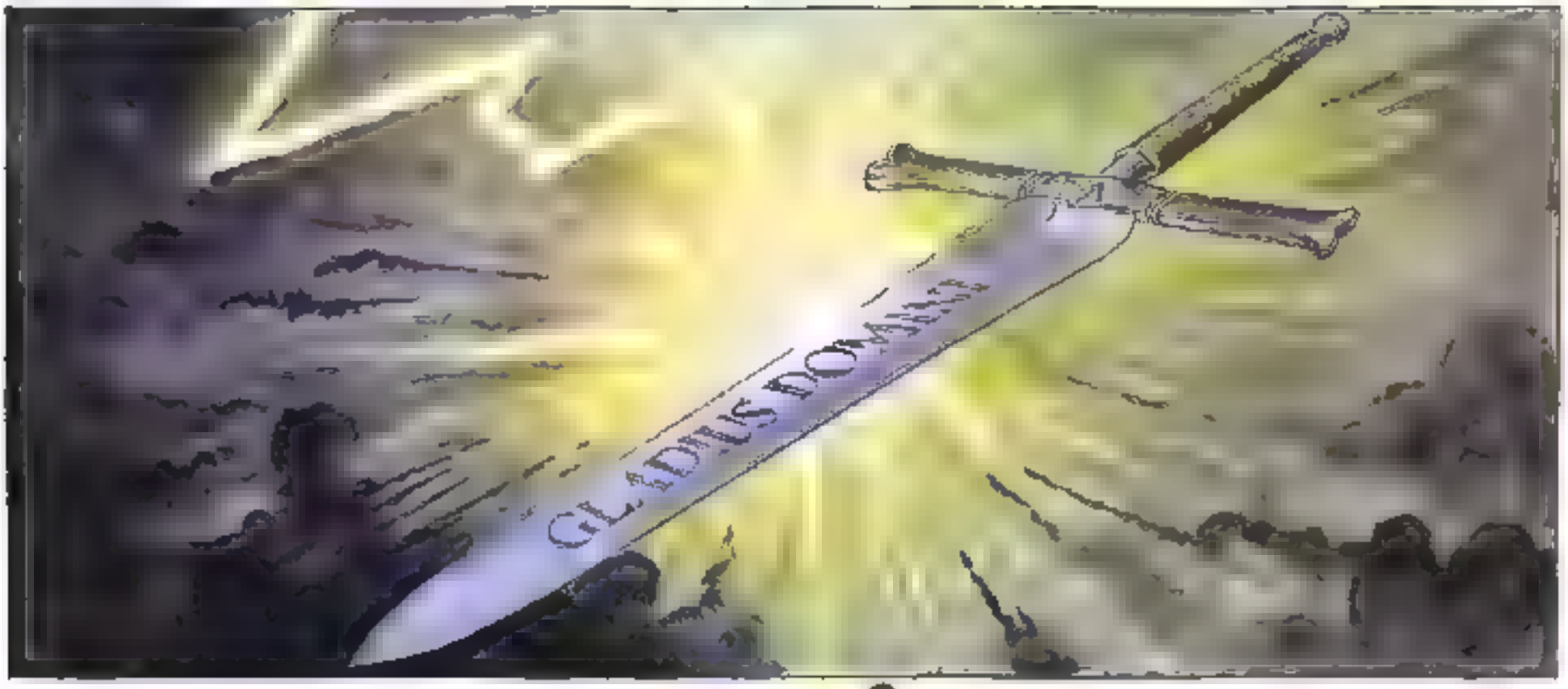
BLAM BLAM BLAM

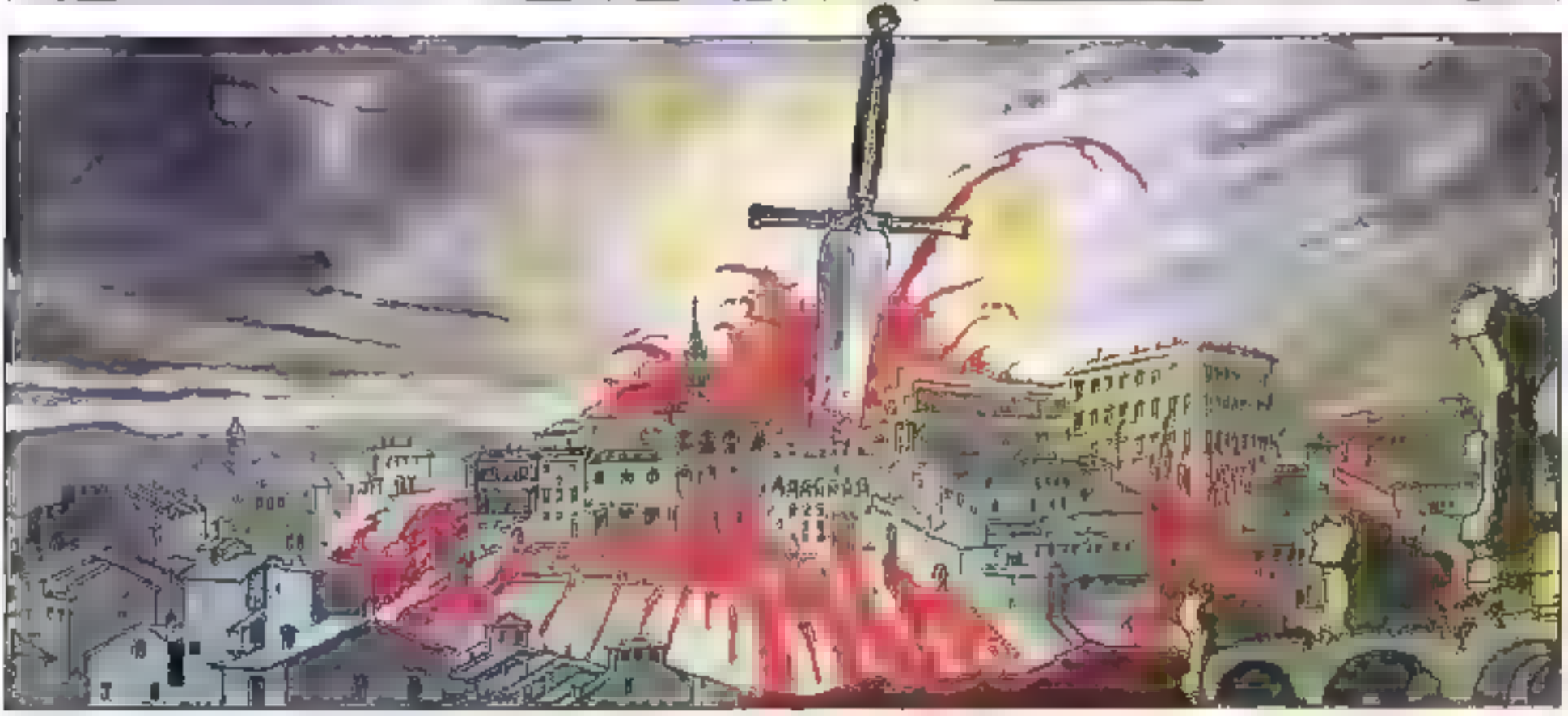
The [redacted] sunk her bow into deep-space and unfolded the metascape five lightyears away.

Reports were filed, and ten months later a fleet was sent to destroy the BOWER of BLISS. But no such ship was ever found.

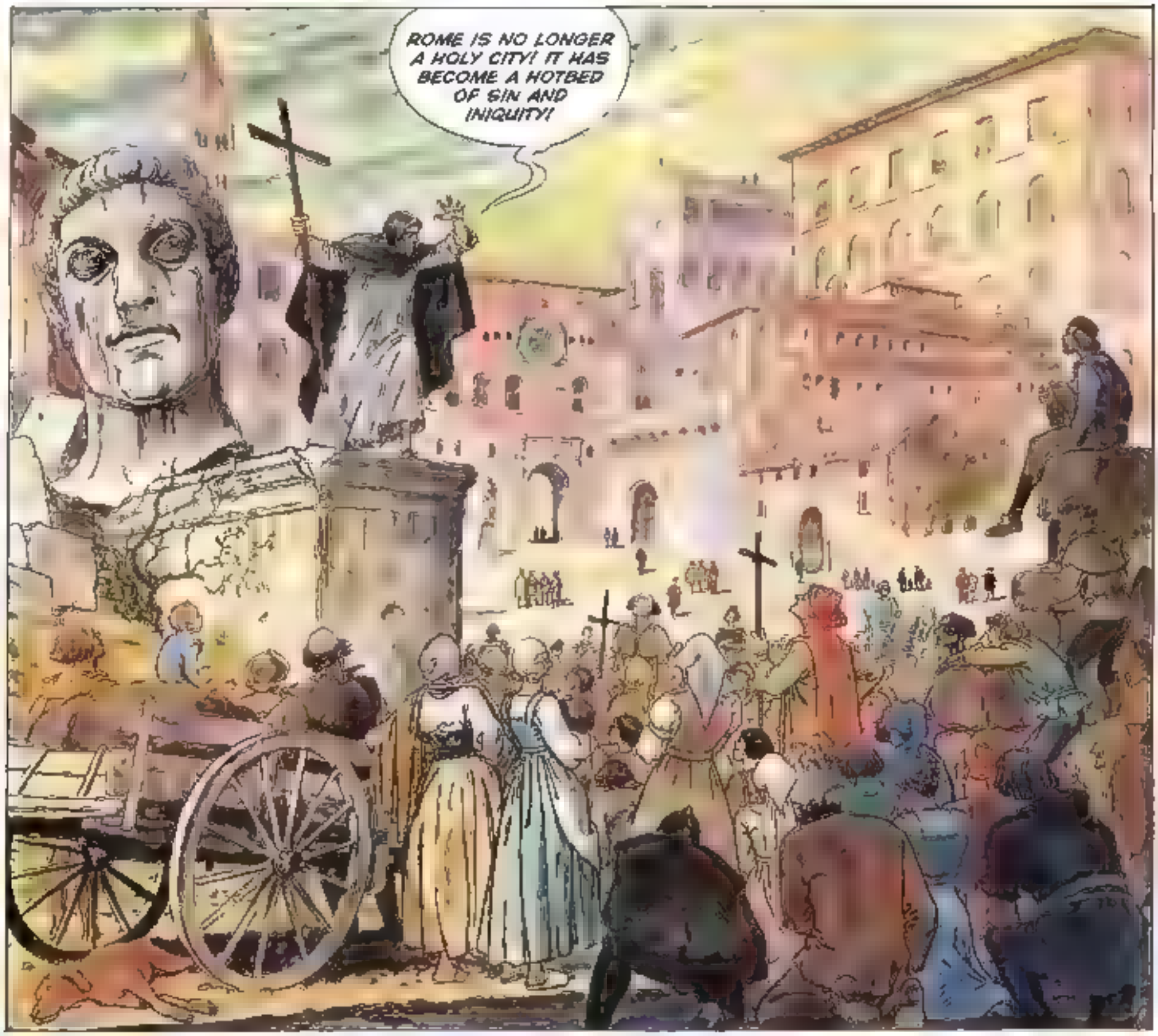
Fin.

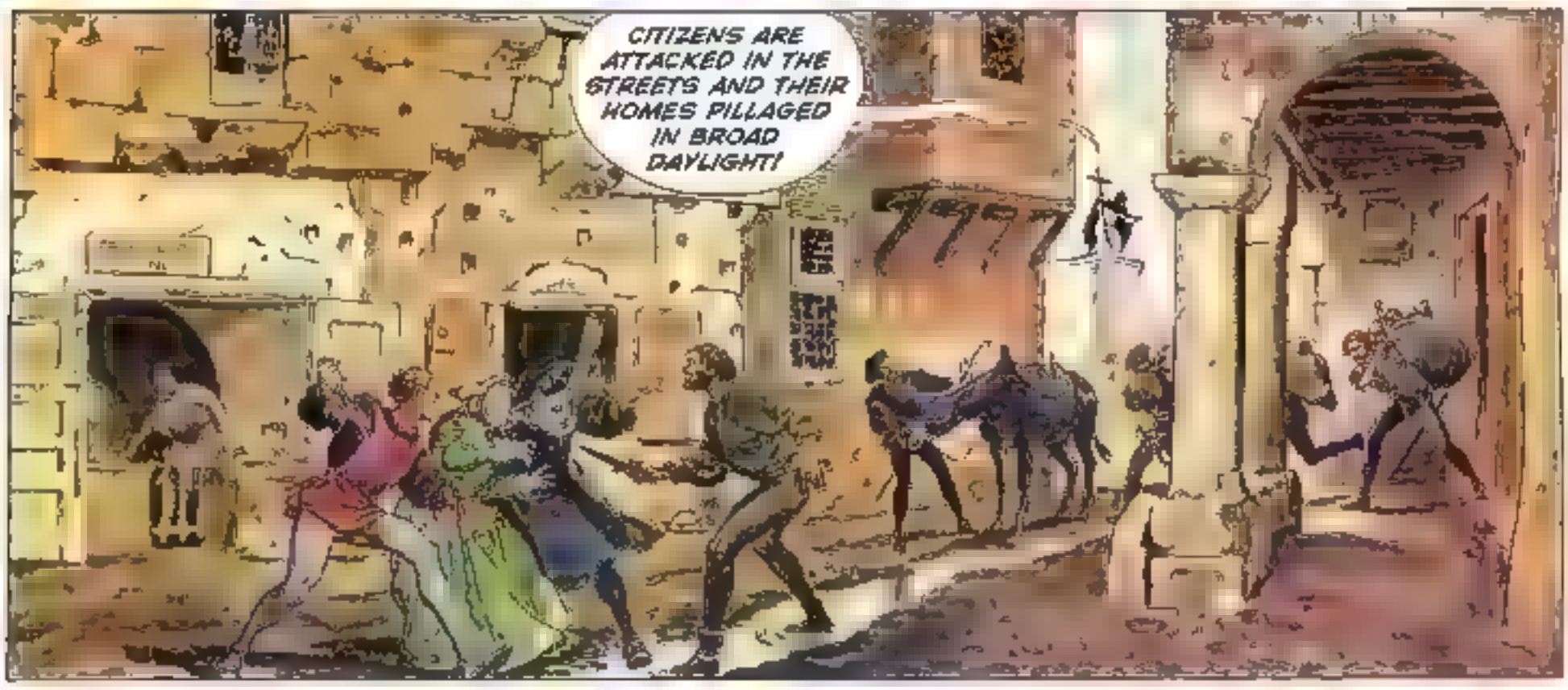
*Kenaz: The personification of transgression. In Spenser's Faerie Queene (1590) Kenaz is depicted as one of the 'Bowre of Blisse' enchantresses who lures men into monstrous shapes and keeps them captive.
From Brewer's 'Witch-craft Legend'


GLADIUS DOMINI



GLADIUS DOMINI SUPER TERRAM CITO ET VELOCITER! I HAVE SEEN THE DIVINE SWORD STRIKE MAN'S LAND! I HAVE SEEN RIVERS OF BLOOD!


ROME IS NO LONGER A HOLY CITY! IT HAS BECOME A HOTBED OF SIN AND INIQUITY!


CITIZENS ARE ATTACKED IN THE STREETS AND THEIR HOMES PILLAGED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!

PROSTITUTION IS RAMPANT AND COUNTLESS MURDERS OCCUR EVERY DAY!

THE HIGHER CLERGY SELLS INDULGENCES FOR THE MOST IGNOBLE OF CRIMES! EVEN THE POPE DARES SELL GOD'S PARDON!

CARDINALS ACCEPT BRIBES AND KEEP MISTRESSES! SHAME, CORRUPTION AND LUST HOLD SWAY!

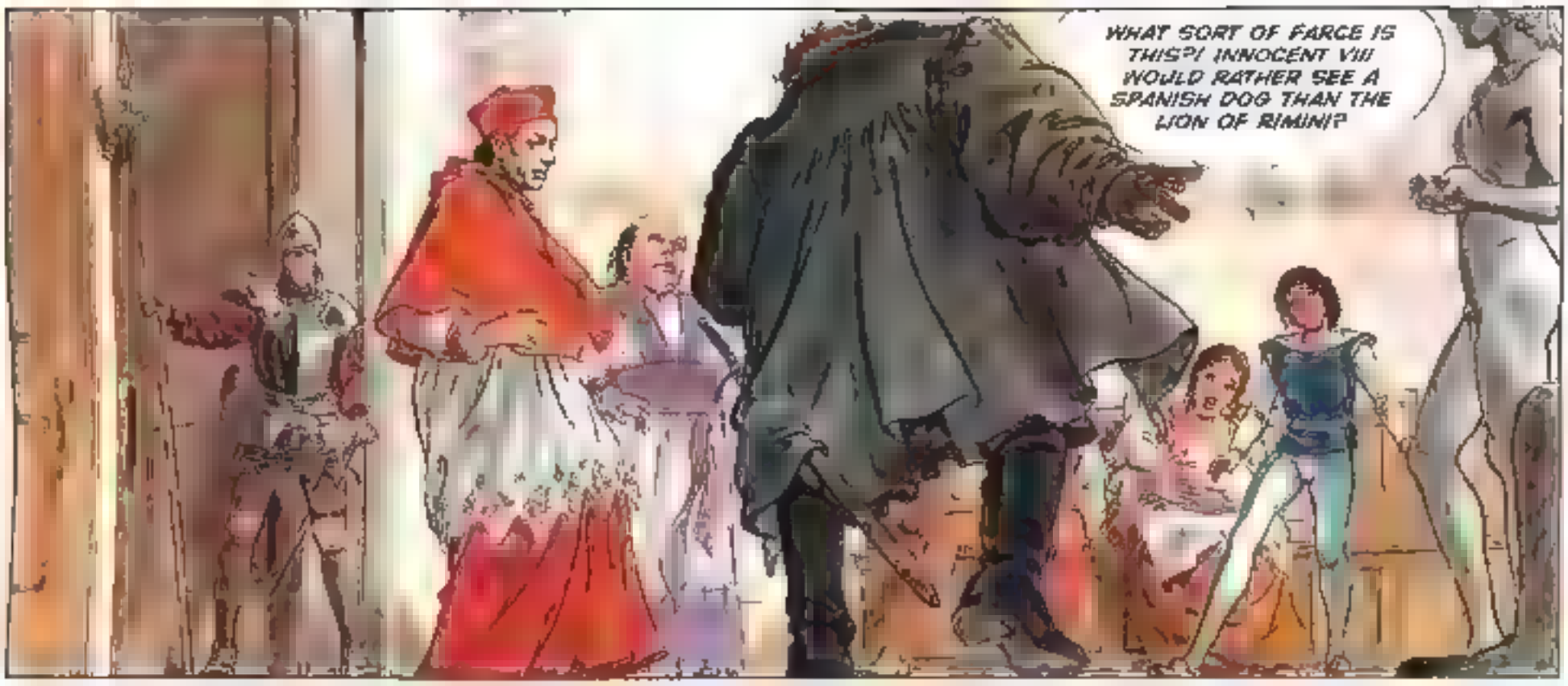
GOD'S ANGER ANNOUNCES THE RETURN OF PLAGUES AND FAMINE!

PATHETIC FANATIC!

WE MUST KEEP AN EYE ON THAT MADMAN SAVONAROLA. THE MOST POWERFUL DYNASTIES HAVE BEEN OVERTHROWN BY FANATICS WHO WERE CERTAIN THEY POSSESSED THE TRUTH...

OTHERS HAVE BEEN OVERTHROWN BY RULERS OF SMALL PROVINCES WHO FELT THEY HADN'T BEEN RECEIVED WITH DUE RESPECT.

TODAY HIS HOLINESS'S FAILING HEALTH WILL ONLY ALLOW HIM TO RECEIVE CARDINAL RODRIGO BORGIA...


WHAT SORT OF FARCE IS THIS?! INNOCENT VIII WOULD RATHER SEE A SPANISH DOG THAN THE LION OF RIMINI?

STOP HIM, GUARDS!
THE POPE WILL HAVE TO COME TO MY PALACE ON HIS KNEES, IF HE WANTS ME TO TAKE PART IN HIS RIDICULOUS CRUSADE AGAINST THE TURKS!

SIGNOR MALATESTA, IT IS ADVISABLE THAT YOU COME BACK WHEN YOU FEEL CALMER!
STOP BEHAVING AS IF YOU WERE THE LORD OF THE LAND... PRIDE IS THE MOST TERRIBLE OF SINS.
YOUR SMILE WILL BE TRANSFORMED INTO TEARS OF BLOOD! BY GOD, I SWEAR IT!

ENOUGH! NONE OF THESE MEDICINES ARE OF ANY USE!

LOOK CLOSELY AT ME, YOU HOPELESS IDIOTS! I AM NOTHING BUT A SHADE! I AM BEING CONSUMED BY AN ICY FIRE!

FRANCE. SPAIN AND EVEN THOSE DAMN TURKS ARE ALL TRYING TO DEVOUR ME! I MUST RECOVER MY STRENGTH... WITHOUT ME, THERE WILL BE NO MORE ROME!

CURSED BE THIS MISERABLE DIVIDED PENINSULA WHERE EACH CITY-STATE VIES TO BECOME MORE POWERFUL THAN THE HOLY CHURCH!

MOVE BACK! DON'T TOUCH ME! I HAVE NO NEED OF USELESS HYPOCRITES!

EVEN THOUGH GOD HAS STRIPPED ME OF MY LAST SHREDS OF STRENGTH, AT LEAST HE HAS LEFT ME ONE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

I HAVE A MIRACULOUS REMEDY, YOUR HOLINESS!

WAAAH! WAAAH!

SHUT UP, RUNT!

SLURP! SLURP!

LOCK UP THIS WOMAN AND FEED HER WELL. I'LL SUCK AT HER BREAST TWICE A DAY.

GIVE ME BACK MY BABY!

SHUT UP, SINNER! YOUR MILK BELONGS TO MY MOST HOLY PERSON...

AND FEED THE LITTLE MONSTER TO THE DOGS!

MOST HOLY VICAR OF CHRIST, I HAVE ALSO BROUGHT YOU SOME YOUNG BLOOD...

HOW MUCH ARE THEY ASKING? A REASONABLE PRICE, I HOPE..

DON'T WORRY, YOUR HOLINESS.. JUST ONE DUCAT EACH...

GOOD... HERE, DEAR CHILDREN... HERE'S A BLESSED DUCAT...

THANK YOU, YOUR HOLINESS...

IT ISN'T DANGEROUS, IS IT?

DON'T BE AFRAID! YOUNG PEOPLE ALWAYS HAVE TOO MUCH BLOOD. YOU WILL FEEL SO MUCH LIGHTER AFTERWARDS. YOU'LL PRACTICALLY BE ABLE TO FLY...

VOLENTI NON FIT INJURIA...

DOMINUS VOBISCUM.

HAAA! I FEEL MUCH BETTER BONUM VINUM LAETIFICAT COR HOMINIS..

AH! AH! LIFE ONCE AGAIN COURSES THROUGH MY VEINS!

WE HAVE A MINOR TECHNICAL PROBLEM, YOUR HOLINESS... THE DONORS ARE DEAD...

THEN THEY ARE BLESSED... THEY MAY HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES BUT THEY HAVE WON PARADISE FOR ALL ETERNITY TAKE BACK TWO DUCATS.. THEY CAN GO TOWARDS MY CRUSADE AGAINST THE TURKS...

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION FOR YOUR SERVICES, I GRANT YOU THE ABBEY OF SUBIACO, ITS TWO CONVENTS, ITS VINEYARDS AND FORESTS...

I ACCEPT IT OUT OF DEVOTION RATHER THAN SELF-INTEREST FOR HOW COULD I TURN DOWN A GIFT FROM GOD'S OWN REPRESENTATIVE ON EARTH?

IT'S GOD'S PUNISHMENT AND YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO ESCAPE IT! SELF-FLAGELLATION IS OF NO USE, SINNERS! THE PLAGUE WILL HOUND YOU TILL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH! ROME IS BUT A WHORE AND MUST BE EXTERMINATED!

COME NOW, SHOW SOME MORE DEVOTION, SOME MORE ENERGY! YOU SHOULD ALL SEEK TO BE TOUCHED BY THE GRACE OF GOD AT THE SAME TIME...

A CATASTROPHE, MASTER! THE PLAGUE!

YOU'RE THE PLAGUE, MICHELETTO! HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT THIS SACRED EVENT?

PLEASE EXCUSE ME, MASTER BUT THE DISEASE HAS REACHED THE HOME OF YOUR FAVORITE, VANOZZA CATANEI...

THE MOTHER OF MY FOUR CHILDREN! PREPARE MY HOUNDS!

LET ME THROUGH!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM GOING IN! MY FAMILY LIVES IN THIS HOUSE!

I'M SORRY PRINCE BUT OUR ORDERS ARE TO LET NO ONE IN THE PLAGUE MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO SPREAD

IF YOU HAVE NO RESPECT FOR GOD'S AUTHORITY, SHOW SOME RESPECT FOR THESE DUCATS...

THE PLAGUE STRIKES BOTH SINNERS AND SAINTS. MY ORDERS ARE CLEAR: NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO ENTER THIS CURSED PLACE...

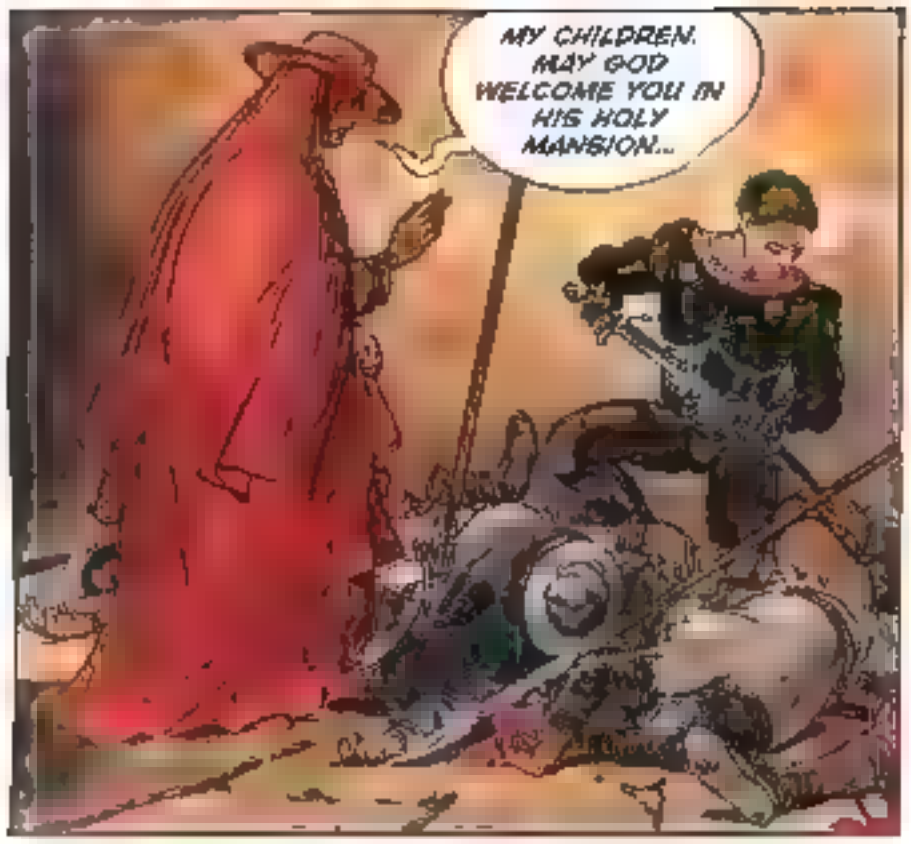
I CAN'T CONVINCE THEM... YOU DO IT!

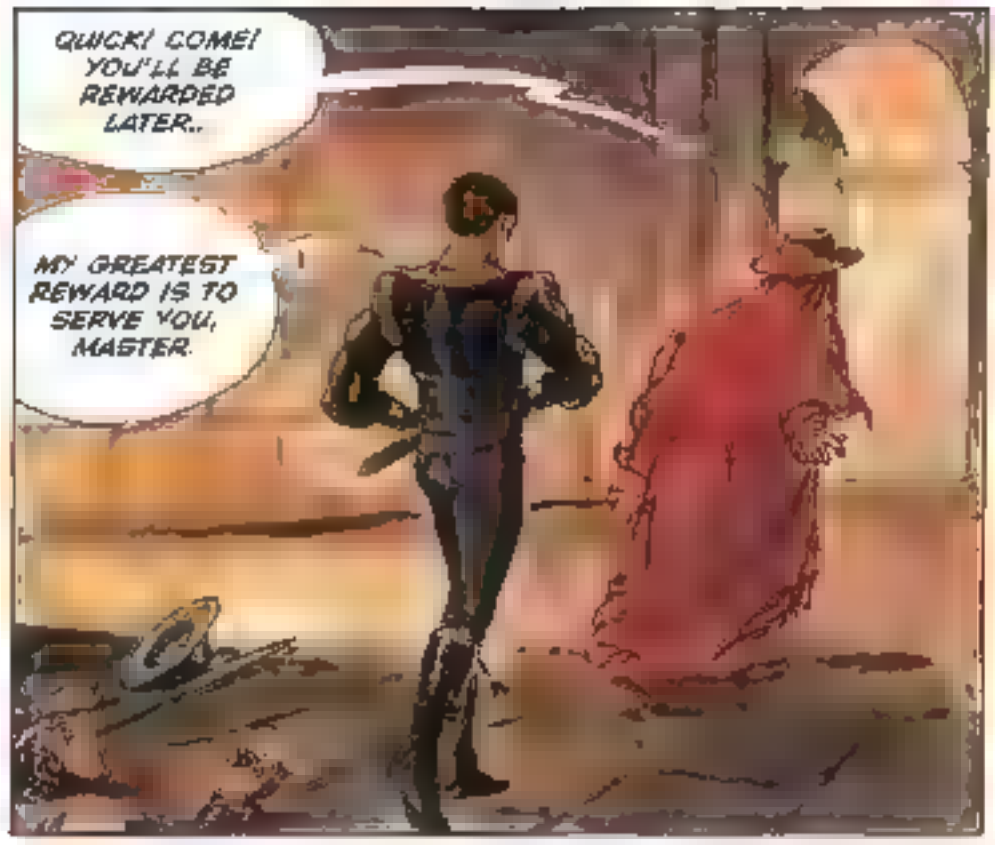
GAAAH!

AAARGH!

DAMN... AAARGH!

OUGHHH!!


MY CHILDREN. MAY GOD WELCOME YOU IN HIS HOLY MANSION...


QUICK! COME! YOU'LL BE REWARDED LATER..
MY GREATEST REWARD IS TO SERVE YOU, MASTER.

MY MISTRESS'S SERVANTS AND HER DEAREST FRIENDS... DEATH HAS NO MODESTY AND GOD IS MERCILESS...

IT'S GIORGIO DE CROCE, AN IMPOTENT OLD MAN THAT I MARRIED OFF TO VANOZZA SO I COULD VISIT HER WITH NO PROBLEM!

MOVE BACK, MONSIGNOR. IT'S DANGEROUS TO COME TOO CLOSE..

REPLY, BIRD OF DOOM! WHERE IS MY MISTRESS?! WHERE ARE MY CHILDREN?

STOP, CARDINAL RODRIGO BORGIA! RESPECT THE DOCTORS' ORDERS! THIS IS THE ONLY INFECTED HOUSE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD... WE MUST BURN IT DOWN!

PATHETIC RUNT! WHOEVER TRIES TO BURN IT DOWN WILL BE EXCOMMUNICATED!

WHERE ARE MY CHILDREN AND THEIR MOTHER?!

WE HAVEN'T FOUND THE CHILDREN. THE LADY LIVES YET BUT SHE IS DYING. SHE'S BEEN LOCKED IN THE KITCHEN SO AS NOT TO INFECT ANYONE...

HEARTLESS MONSTERS! IDIOTS! OPEN THESE DOORS! I HAVE TO SEE HER!

VANOZZA, MY LOVE, I AM HERE!

RO... DRI... GO...

MY DEAREST, REFUSE THE DESIGNS OF A GOD THAT CANNOT TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL, BETWEEN LIGHT AND DARK.

RECOVER! YOU MUST LIVE! TAKE STRENGTH FROM OUR LOVE! REMEMBER OUR FIRST MEETING...

I WAS AN ARISTOCRAT'S BASTARD. ABANDONED BY MY PARENTS, AND SENT TO WORK AS A SERVANT IN SAINT SIXTUS' CONVENT.

ON A RAINY SPRING EVENING, I WAS ALONE IN THE CHAPEL WIPING AND CLEANING SAINT SEBASTIAN, AS WAS MY DUTY...

THE SAINT'S NUDITY, HIS SENSUAL POSE, HIS MUSCULAR BEHIND, ALL MADE HIM MY FAVORITE SAINT...

I LOVED TO SIN BY KISSING THE FORBIDDEN PARTS...

SUDDENLY. I SAW YOU! YOU HAD COME TO MAKE AN OFFERING TO THE VIRGIN, TO THANK HER FOR ALLOWING YOU TO WEAR A CARDINAL'S ROBES.

YOU STOOD BEFORE OUR HOLY MOTHER AS I FACED HER OUTSTRETCHED ARMS.

THE VIRGIN MARY SEEMED TO BE OFFERING YOU TO ME AS A WONDROUS GIFT!

WE MADE LOVE IN THE VIRGIN'S SHADOW AS THE CANDLES FLICKERED AROUND US

YOUR SEED MADE ME LOSE MY MIND. I ENTERED INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION OF SPACE AND TIME.

I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOUR SOUL, YOUR FLESH AND YOUR BONES.

I... NEVER... STOPPED LOVING YOU BUT I WISH WE COULD GET MARRIED... I'M REGARDED AS... A WHORE...

I WISH WE COULD. BUT I'M MARRIED TO A WHORE WHO IS EVEN MORE JEALOUS THAN YOU... THE CHURCH... IF YOU PROMISE TO GET WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU A PALACE VERY CLOSE TO MINE...

I PROMISE I'LL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF...

VAMPIRES! REMOVE THOSE USELESS MASKS! VANOZZA HAS NO SYMPTOMS OF THE PLAGUE!

LOOK AT HER! HER BODY SHOWS NO SIGNS OF BUBOES OR OF FESTERING ABSCESSES... THERE'S NO BLACK BLOOD OOZING OUT OF HER MOUTH!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT SHE IS FEVERISH AND HAS STOMACH PAINS...

THOSE ARE THE SYMTOMS OF FOOD POISONING... CAUSED BY ROTTEN OCTOPUS OR SOME OTHER PUTRID DISH!

NO ONE'S SICK HERE... WHY DO YOU SAY SHE HAS THE PLAGUE?

SAVONAROLA PREDICTED THAT DIVINE PUNISHMENT WOULD STRIKE TODAY...

ALTHOUGH WE BROUGHT THE PLASTER STATUES OF SAINTS COSMOS AND DAMIAN, THEY HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO HEAL ANYONE.

WHEN THE TWIN SAINTS FAIL THAT MEANS A DIVINE CURSE IS AT WORK... IN THIS CASE IT'S THE PLAGUE!

STUPID PHYSICIANS! IF THOSE PLASTER MONKEYS HAVE ANY POWER, MAY THEY STRIKE ME WITH LIGHTNING!

SAVONAROLA'S RAVINGS MUST BE SHOWN FOR WHAT THEY ARE! IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO CUT OFF YOUR TONGUES AND TESTICLES, YOU MUST DECLARE THAT THERE IS NO PLAGUE HERE!

WE'LL DO AS YOU SAY YOUR EMINENCE...

TAKE HER TO HER STATE APARTMENTS AND MAKE HER REST UNTIL SHE IS WELL AGAIN! AND NO ENEMAS! VANOZZA'S ANUS IS AS HOLY AS THE POPE'S RING...

COME, MICHELETTO, LET'S FIND MY CHILDREN..

LUCREZIA! CESARE! GIOVANNI! JOFRE! DON'T BE AFRAID! YOU DON'T HAVE TO HIDE ANYMORE!

IT'S ME. RODRIGO!

HERE! OVER HERE!

FATHER!

AND WHO ARE YOU?

WE'RE HERE, MONSIGNOR! I HID YOUR CHILDREN TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE INFECTION AND FROM THE DOCTORS' BLOOD-LETTINGS, WHICH ARE MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE PLAGUE ITSELF!

MY NAME IS MAURO AND I'M AN ASSISTANT COOK.

YOU DID VERY WELL. I WILL TAKE YOU INTO MY SERVICE... COME WITH ME...

YOU WILL LIVE VERY CLOSE TO THE VATICAN, IN THE PALACE OF MY COUSIN, THE WIDOW ADRIANA ORSINI.. SHE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU WHILE VANOZZA IS CONVALESCING...

TO CELEBRATE YOUR NEW LIFE I'M OFFERING YOU A BANQUET. ONLY DESSERTS WILL BE SERVED AND THEY WILL BE THE VERY BEST I PROMISE YOU!

FILL MY CUP TO THE BRIM, OLD MAN! DURING THIS JOYFUL REUNION, WE MUST DRINK TO THE HEALTH OF EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US!

MY CHILDREN. I'M A HAPPY MAN AND I KNOW THAT I CAN COUNT ON THE SUPPORT OF A GREAT AND POWERFUL FAMILY TO HELP ME REALIZE ALL MY PROJECTS.

I WANT YOU TO RESPECT MY VERY WISE COUSIN ADRIANA AS YOUR SECOND MOTHER.

I WANT YOU TO LOOK UPON HER SON ORSO ORSINI AS AN ELDER BROTHER, AND ON HIS BEAUTIFUL FIANCEE, JULIA, AS YOUR BEST FRIEND.

DUARTE BRANDAO, MY FAITHFUL ADVISER, WILL BE YOUR MOST EXCELLENT TUTOR. HE WILL PROVIDE YOU WITH THE EDUCATION THAT BENEFITS THE CHILDREN OF A CARDINAL. HE WILL FIND THE MOST RENOWNED TEACHERS OF EACH SUBJECT IN THE CITY OF ROME..

LET'S SEAL OUR REUNION BY DRINKING FROM THIS HOLY CHALICE...

AND YOU, MY DEAR CHILD. WILL BE THE FIRST TO DRINK THIS SWEET WINE.

THANK YOU... I LOVE ALL OF YOU, BUT I LOVE MY HOLY FATHER MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE.

DAMN ARSE-WIPE!

WHY DOES GIOVANNI ALWAYS HAVE TO BE THE FIRST? HE'S YOUR FAVORITE! I HATE HIM!

THAT'S ENOUGH! ENOUGH OF YOUR UNJUSTIFIED FITS OF JEALOUSY! GIOVANNI IS THE ELDEST THIS HONOR IS HIS DUE...

BUT THERE IS ENOUGH PARENTAL LOVE IN ME FOR ALL MY CHILDREN... I NEVER FORGET YOU, CESARE. READ THIS...

ALL THE INCOME FROM THE LANDS BELONGING TO THE CATHEDRAL OF VALENCIA ARE TO BE PAID TO HIS LORDSHIP CESARE BORGIA. HE IS ALSO HEREBY NAMED TREASURER OF CARTAGENA...

OH! SUCH GOOD FORTUNE! THANK YOU!

A FAMILY'S STRENGTH, LIKE AN ARMY'S, LIES IN ITS COHESION AND IN ITS UNITY.

BLOOD TIES ARE THE SOURCE OF THE MOST SACRED ALLIANCE THAT CAN EXIST AMONG HUMANS. THE SAME BLOOD COURSES THROUGH ALL OF YOU... LISTEN TO ITS MURMUR...

SOME DAY, YOU WILL ALL HELP ME TO EXTEND THE POWERS OF THE CHURCH, OF MY CHURCH, TO THE FARTHEST REACHES OF THE WORLD!

GIOVANNI, DEAR CHILD. NOW THAT YOUR BROTHER CESARE HAS UNDERSTOOD THAT HE MUST BE DEVOTED TO YOU, TAKE THE FIRST DRAUGHT

THAT'S RIGHT, BROTHER YOU MUST BE THE FIRST TO DRINK RAISE YOUR GLASS!

MAY GOD ALWAYS WATCH OVER HIS HOLINESS...

IT'S... IT'S... BITTER...

AAAARGH!

FILTHY PIG!

YOU DESERVED THAT LUCREZIA, IT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR SAYING YOUR DRESS IS PRETTIER THAN MINE...

PRETENTIOUS SLUT!

GIOVANNI!

BY CHRIST'S ARSE, I CAN'T SEE ANYMORE!

THE CHILD HAS BEEN POISONED!

THE POISON WAS FOR ME!

LOOK... HE'S STILL BREATHING...

WAAAH... WAAAH...

STOP WAILING, YOU LITTLE IDIOT!

HE'S EXAGGERATING. HE'S JUST TRYING TO GET ATTENTION...

YUM... THESE STRAWBERRIES ARE DELICIOUS!

HMM... I PREFER GRAPES...

AHHH! MY STOMACH HURTS...

HE'S ALIVE LUCKILY, HE ONLY TOOK A SMALL SIP...

WE MUST ADMINISTER HIM WITH SOME ASS'S MILK. IT'S THE BEST ANTIDOTE...

WAAAHH!

IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP, I'LL MAKE YOU EAT YOUR OWN SHIT!

AN ENEMY LURKS INSIDE THE PALACE ITSELF. GATHER ALL THE SERVANTS IN THE BIG HALL, GIVE THEM A GLASS OF WINE AND TELL ME WHO REFUSES TO DRINK...

I UNDERSTAND YOUR PAIN, YOUR EMINENCE, BUT IF WE DO THIS THE ENTIRE STAFF WILL DIE..

NO. THEY WILL NOT DRINK THE SAME WINE AS MY POOR CHILD. GIVE THEM UNPOISONED WINE. ONLY THE TRAITOR WILL BE AFRAID TO BRING THE GLASS TO HIS LIPS..

OH GOD, PLEASE SAVE MY POOR BROTHER'S LIFE..

COME MY SON, PRAY WITH US FOR OUR DEAR GIOVANNI..

INSTEAD OF PRAYING, FATHER, WE SHOULD GIVE HIM THE ASS'S MILK RIGHT AWAY!

THE SCOUNDREL BETRAYED HIMSELF! THE PHIAL OF POISON WAS STILL ON HIM..

MAURO!

BASTARD! WHY DO YOU HATE ME SO MUCH? IF YOU DON'T SPEAK UP, I'LL MAKE YOU SWALLOW THE REST OF THE WINE. BUT IF YOU TALK, I SWEAR BY OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST THAT I'LL SPARE YOU...

I TRUST YOU, LORD BORGIA... I WILL SPEAK.

I AM THE SON OF GASPARE MALATESTA. YOU OFFENDED HIM, MY LORD, AND HE HAS SWORN REVENGE...

I FOLLOWED HIS ORDERS. FIRST I POISONED LADY VANOZZA. THEN, BY PRETENDING TO PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN, I WON YOUR TRUST AND YOU HIRED ME AS A KITCHEN BOY...

MICHEL-EETTTOO!

YES, MASTER...

GO GET A FUNNEL AND A SPOON. USE THE SPOON TO SCOOP OUT HIS EYES AND THEN POUR THIS WINE DOWN HIS THROAT THROUGH THIS FUNNEL.

BUT YOUR HOLINESS, YOU SWORE BY CHRIST THAT YOU WOULD SPARE ME.. YOU CANNOT SIN THUS...

FOOL! MEN'S WORDS MELT LIKE SNOW BEFORE THE EYES OF A BLIND GOD!

GASPARE MALATESTA'S PALACE, RIMINI.

MY SKIN IS AS THICK AS A RHINOCEROS .. ! CAN'T FEEL GENTLE CARESSES.. MASSAGE ME HARDER, MY LOVELIES.. DON'T BE AFRAID THAT YOU'LL HURT ME...

YES, MASTER...

LORD GASPARE, A HORSEMAN APPROACHES.. HE LOOKS LIKE YOUR SON...

IT'S HIM! GET OUT OF HERE! I WISH TO REMAIN ALONE WITH HIM, TO HOLD HIM IN MY ARMS! HE HAS ACCOMPLISHED HIS MISSION!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

THIS IS **SHARAD**, ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST CITIES IN THE KINGDOM OF SULYAN. AS FOR ALL THE IMPORTANT THINGS HAPPENING AROUND HERE, OUR STORY STARTS IN A VERY SPECIFIC PLACE...

— OL' FARADAGHS INN!

SAILOR'S HAIR

THEYRE NOTHING BUT **DEMONS**, I TELL YOU!

THEY MAY LOOK LIKE ORDINARY WOMEN, BUT THEYRE **FIERCE CRIMINALS!**

HAVENT YOU DRUNK A LITTLE TOO MUCH, LUUG? I NEVER HEARD OF **FEMALE PIRATES**...

I KNOW IT SOUNDS **UNBELIEVABLE**, BUT IT'S THE TRUTH!

THEY'RE REALLY PIRATES! AND THEY'RE DANGEROUS! THEY'VE ALREADY RAIDED **DOZENS OF SHIPS!**

SOMEBODY SAYS THEY ARE **BEAUTIFUL** BUT NONETHELESS WITHOUT MERCY!

YEAH, SURE, I WONDER...

...WHICH **HORRIBLE** WEAPONS COULD THEY USE AGAINST ME, THOSE **BEAUTIFUL FEMALE PIRATES!**

YEAH, GO ON, LAUGH ON... BUT I'M THE ONE WHO WILL SAIL **TOMORROW!** WE WILL CARRY PRECIOUS WARES AND I'M DEAD CERTAIN THOSE FURIES WILL **ASSAULT US.**

I DO BELIEVE YOU!

I AM SURE THOSE FEMALE PIRATES DO REALLY EXIST. AND YOU KNOW WHAT?

I WANT TO GO WITH YOU. **I WANT TO SAIL ON YOUR SHIP!**

Second Chance

story by SILVIO SCHIRRU
art and lettering by RAFFAELE MARINETTI
colors by ELENA SANJUST
translation by NICOLA D'AGOSTINO

I STILL DONT UNDERSTAND WHY HE'S HERE!

NO IDEA. I JUST KNOW HE GAVE JULIUS A LOT OF MONEY JUST TO BE ON THIS SHIP. HE DIDNT EVEN ASK **WHERE WE'RE HEADING.**

BY THE WAY, I DONT LIKE IT ONE BIT TRAVELLING WITH A **MONK** FROM **THE CHURCH OF BRIZAH!**

AS IF WE DIDNT HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS WITH THOSE...

PIRATES!

AND THEY'LL BE HERE **REAL SOON!**

THERE IT IS! IT'S **JULIUS SHIP**, THAT PIG!

WE ARE READY. GIVE US THE ORDER WHEN YOU WISH...

...MYADEL?

I THINK THE MOMENT HAS COME. TELL 'EM TO BEGIN THE BOARDING, **ARIEL** IF YOU AGREE, THAT IS...

...WITCH?

YES, OF COURSE... WE CAN GO ON

ALTHOUGH I SENSE A... **PRESENCE** THAT MAKES ME UNEASY, ON THAT SHIP. I CAN'T SEE THE FUTURE CLEARLY. I HOPE THIS ISN'T A **BAD OMEN**.

CLAANG

THUS BEGINS THE PIRATES' RAID.

CHARGE!

JULIUS AND HIS MEN TRY TO HOLD OUT, FIGHTING BRAVELY.

BUT TO NO AVAIL. THE SHIP'S CREW IS MADE BY MERCHANTS AND SAILOR MEN, POWERLESS AGAINST THE FURY OF THE PIRATES.

SOON MYADEL HAS TAKEN CONTROL OF JULIUS' SHIP AND OF THE COSTLY GOODS IT CARRIES.

GODDAMN YOU!

COME ON, JULIUS, DON'T ACT THIS WAY...

AFTER ALL, THESE ARE **WOMEN'S BUSINESS!**

WHAT'S IT TO A BIG HUNK LIKE YOU?

MYADEL!

I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT THERE WAS ALSO A **MONK** ABOARD. WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?

YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

...SO, AFTER SEARCHING FOR SO LONG, I LEARNT YOU HAVE BECOME A PIRATE...

...AND DECIDED TO BOARD THAT SHIP. I COULDN'T STAND IT NO MORE TO LIVE WITHOUT KNOWING WHERE YOU WERE AND WHY YOU **LEFT THE MONASTERY** SO SUDDENLY.

I SAY... WE WERE SUPPOSED TO MARRY, MYADEL! WHY DID YOU RUN AWAY IN SUCH A WAY?

IT'S NOT THAT EASY TO EXPLAIN, **DEBIAN**...

IT WAS ALL HAPPENING SO FAST... I NEEDED TO THINK... ONLY GOING AWAY I REALLY UNDERSTOOD THAT MY DESTINY WAS **A DIFFERENT ONE.**

ALL RIGHT, BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT IT? I HAD THE RIGHT TO KNOW... I WANT TO BE WITH YOU, MYADEL. **I LOVE YOU!**

TRY TO UNDERSTAND, DEBLAN...

HAVE NO INTENTION TO GO BACK TO MY OLD LIFE. I BELONG HERE, NOW.

THEN LET ME STAY HERE WITH YOU, ON THE SHIP.

BUT YOU'RE NOT A PIRATE, YOU'RE A MONK! AND... DIDN'T YOU NOTICE THAT THERE ARE ONLY WOMEN HERE?

MAYBE THERE IS A SOLUTION, MYADEL. BUT IT DEPENDS ON HOW FAR THIS YOUNG MAN IS WILLING TO GO TO BE WITH YOU...

I WOULD DO ANYTHING JUST TO BE WITH MYADEL.

THEN, MAYBE, I HAVE FOUND A SOLUTION...

EPILOGUE.

LISTEN, YOU'VE BEEN HERE FOR SO LONG, CAN YOU TELL ME SOMETHING?

SURE. WHAT?

I HEARD SOMETHING WEIRD.

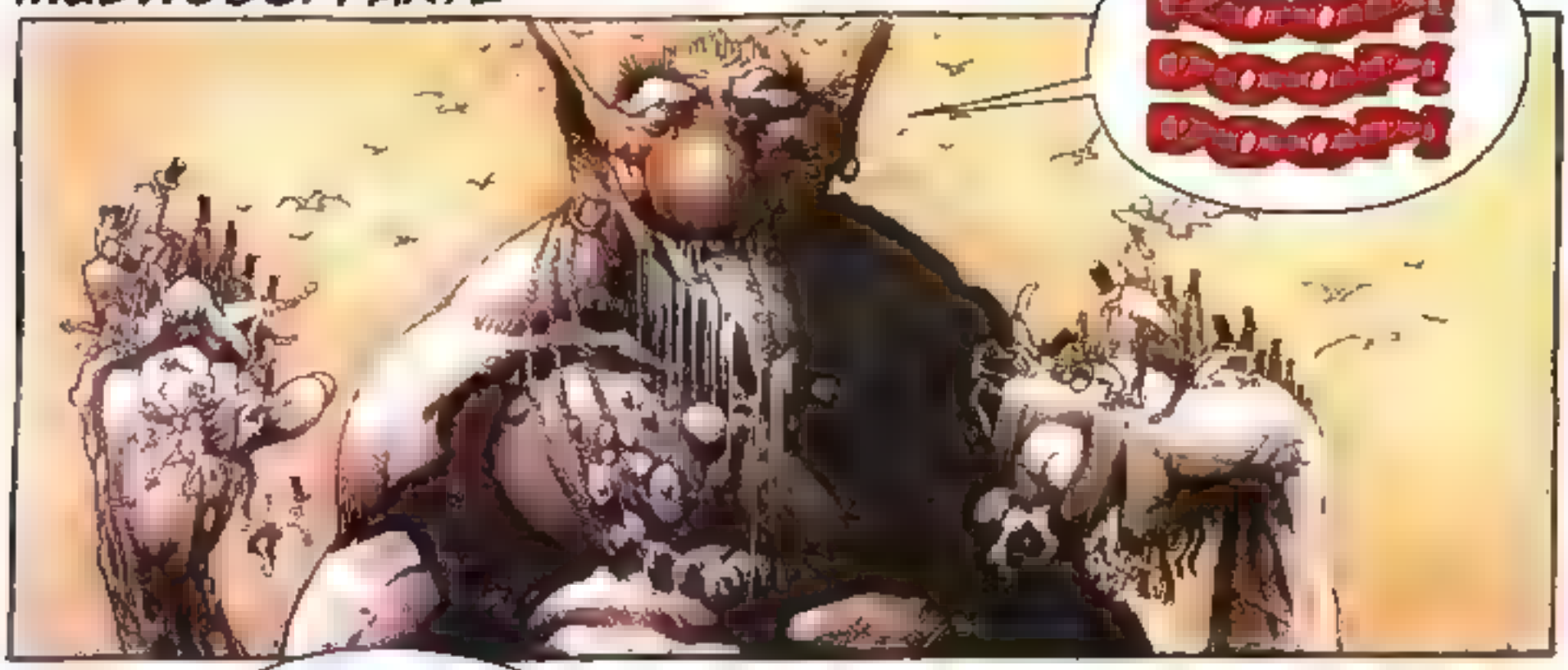
THAT THE **NEW SECOND-IN-COMMAND** WAS ONCE **A MAN**... A MONK... D'YOU THINK IT'S TRUE?

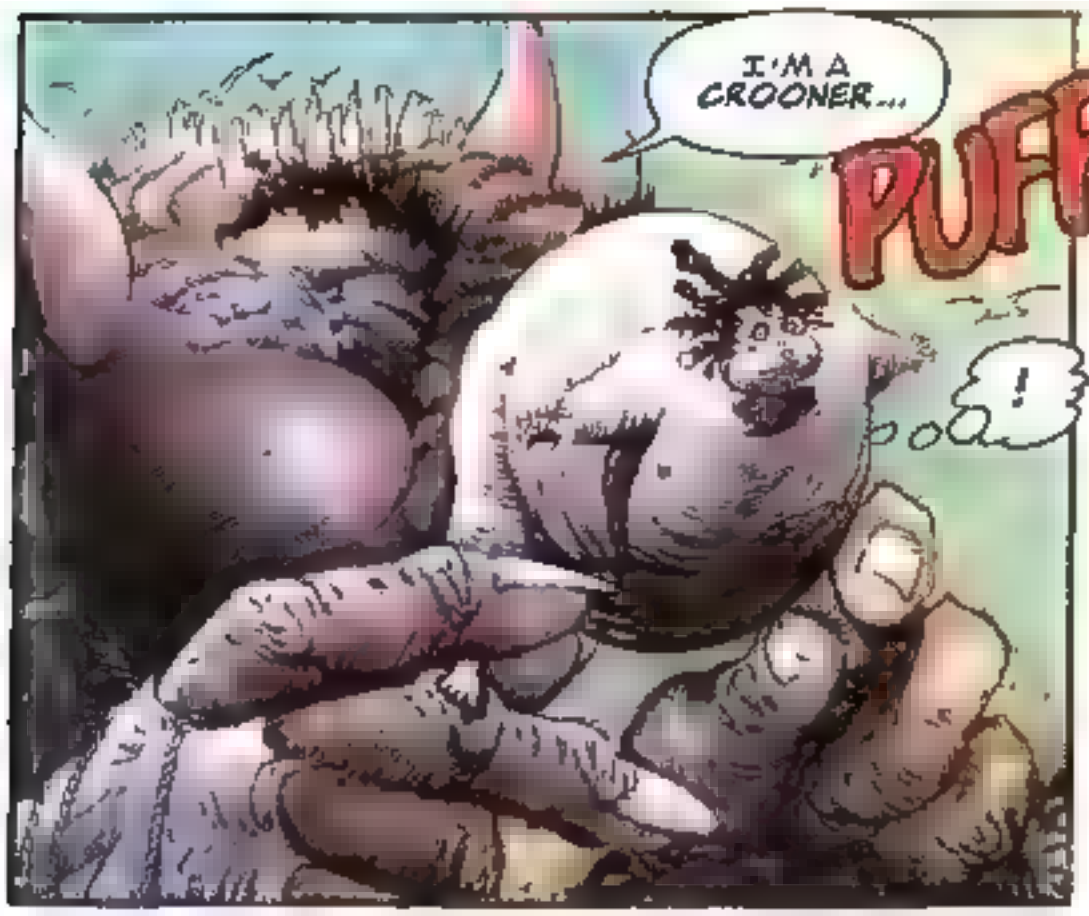
WHAT?!

STOP SAYING **SILLY THINGS!** A MAN **CHANGED INTO A WOMAN**... WHAT A STUPID IDEA!

The End

MUDWOGS: PART2





BIG FUN IN THE CITY TONIGHT

BLAP!

TUXEDO JIMMY POPERS...

F' YOU MY DEAR!

THERE'S YOU KNOW WHO

NOW THAT WE'VE DEALT WITH THE FORMALITIES...

DOOP! DOOP! DOOP!
SHE LOVES ME!

'DON'T BELIEVE I'VE HAD THE PLEASURE
WHOZZAT?!
NOW THERE S SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY HEY SQU RT, AREN'T YOU 'FRAID I'M GONNA PUNCH YOUR LIGHTS OUT? HOW COME YOU NOT FLEE'N FOR THE HILLS IN TERROR W TH THE REST OF THE TOWNFOLK?
DON'T MAKE ME LAFF!

[illegible]... A WISE GUY EH? THAT LITTLE *REMARK* GONNA' BUY YOU A *PAINFUL END* SQUIRT!

ZAT SO..

LESSE' NOW ..YOU WANT I SHOULD *TWINK* YER *PEA HEAD* OFF?

NOPE. TOO QUICK

THINK I'LL *INDIAN BURN* YA' T' *DEATH*...'THAT IS UNLESS YOU'D RATHER I

NO NO ..MAYBE.. LEMME SEE HERE...

TEE-HEE

WHEN YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND GIVE ME A BUZZ.. TA-TA!

HEY! GET THAT OUT!

WHAT TH' FUK?

BOY S'DARK IN HERE...
TRIP!
OOF! HEY WHO'S THE DUMMY LEFT HIS MARBLES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR?!!
FUNT!

HOWL!

HEH. HEH. HEH..

FLOOSH!

YIPES!
EEEP
!

GAK!

SPLOCK SPLOCK

FUCK... WHAT A MESS!

SPLOCK SPLOCK

WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE ANYWAY?

EVERYONE'S LOOKIN' FOR SOMEONE TO BLAME.

BLAH!
BLAH!
BLAH!
BLAH! BLAH
BLAH BLAH

I'LL JUST
WAIT RIGHT
HERE AND

SAY IS IT TRUE
WHEN YOU WUZ A BABY
PLAYIN' IN YER SANDBOX
THE CAT USED T' BURY
YOU??
HUH? NOW
I GOT YA!

WHAM!

ARG!

OWI...TKINK I FOOLED MYSELF.

UP PERISCOPE!

UH?

SUD!

NYAAA YA MISSED

NOW I GOTCHA!

PUFF!

NOW YOU HOL' STILL SO'S I KIN BASH YOUR

WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT.

BELLYBUTTON

TASTE FIST...

WUMP

DONE?

UNHHHHHHH!...I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD OK SQUIRT YOU WIN... [redacted] I'M SAY'N UNCLE T YA!

I I'VE SEEN THE ERROR IN ME WAYS. HONEST I HAVE I PROMISE TO DO ONLY GOOD FROM NOW ON ...SNIFF!

ADMIRABLE.

AND I WOULD LIKE, THAT S IF IT'S OKAY WITH YOU, FOR US TO BE PALS LIKE HUH WHUDAYA SAY?

OK SHAKE PAL!

HA! HA! NOW I GOT'CHY! [redacted]

!MAM

ARG!

OH MAMA! COULD THIS REALLY BE THE END!

ICK?

NYET?

PUU!

NYAAAHH!

SHOCK THERAPY

BLOW UP THREE MILLION QUARK MILES

SIX MILLION QUARK-MILES

TEN MILLION

YES. CONFIRMED.

A NEW TUMOUR IN THE HEART OF THE LYMPHATIC SYSTEM CANCER IS PRO-PAGATING AT HIGH SPEED AND IT WILL VERY SOON BECOME A METASTASIS.

INTERVENTION IS URGENTLY NEEDED IF WE WANT TO SAVE THE PATIENT

WHAT DID YOU FIND, MR DOCTOR? IS IT SERIOUS?

NO, IT'S NOTHING EXTRAORDINARY WE JUST FOUND SOME POLYPS IN THE MOTIVE CENTER OF YOUR PHYSICAL-LYMPHATIC SYSTEM. NOTHING SERIOUS

YOU WOULDN'T DELUDE ME, WOULD YOU? WHAT WITH ME BEING SO HYPOCHONDRIAC, WHEN I CATCH A COLD I ALWAYS THINK I'M GONNA DIE OF A RUNNY NOSE.

DO NOT WORRY AT ALL, MADAM YOU ARE NOT GOING TO DIE OF THAT THIS DISEASE IS HARDLY GOING TO MAKE YOU SNEEZE

BUT LET ME STUDY YOUR CASE-HISTORY AND URINE TEST NOW. SINCE YOU ARE A NEW PATIENT I NEED TO CHECK IT OUT. SO THAT WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT THERAPY IS THE BEST TO APPLY IN YOUR CASE.

DROP BY TOMORROW AND WE'LL SOLVE THE PROBLEM WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY.

ALL RIGHT DOCTOR. YOU DON'T KNOW THE HEAVY WEIGHT YOU JUST CAST OFF ME

THANK YOU VERY MUCH AND SEE YOU TOMORROW

NURSE

YES, DOC

THIS LOOKS NO GOOD. IT'S VERY ADVANCED

THE TUMOURS ARE COUNTLESS ALL OVER THE LYMPHATIC CORE'S SURFACE

SHOW ME THE PATIENT'S CASE-HISTORY, PLEASE

DID SHE SUFFER ANY SIMILAR GROWTH PROCESS BEFORE?

SIMILAR. YES, DOC. A FEW YEARS AGO THE PATIENT SUFFERED A CANCER IN THE SAME LYMPHATIC CORE

SO, MAY THIS BE A RELAPSE?

NOT EXACTLY, DOC.

THE FIRST CASE'S CARCINOGENIC AGENTS, DESPITE BEING EXTRA LARGER, WERE NOT SO AGGRESSIVE AS THE PRESENT ONES. THEY INFECTED CELLS, BUT NEVER DEVELOPED ANY OF THOSE MASSIVE TUMOURS.

DO YOU WANT TO SEE THE MICROSCOPIC HOLOGRAM RECORDED BY THE PREVIOUS THERAPIST ON THE HOST PATHOGEN AGENTS?

YES, PLEASE

AS I TOLD YOU BEFORE, THEY WERE MUCH BIGGER.

.. BUT, DESPITE THEIR CORROSIVE FLATULENCE DESTROYING THE LYMPHATIC CORE'S GASEOUS SELF-PROTECTIVE MEMBRANE, THEY WERE NOT BY FAR SO DESTRUCTIVE AS THE ONES WE ARE DEALING NOW WITH

WHAT THERAPY DID MY COLLEAGUE USE TO ERADICATE THIS PATHOGEN?

THE SOLID SHOCK THERAPY, DOC ONE UNIQUE MASSIVE SOLID DISCHARGE WHICH DEPRIVED THE PATHOGEN OF ITS BASIC SUSTENANCE. WITHOUT THE FOOD TO FEED ITSELF, THE DISEASE DECREASED UNTIL ITS COMPLETE EXTINCTION.

FROM WHAT I SEE, IT WAS A GOOD CHOICE. THE OLD PATHOGEN DIDN'T APPEAR AGAIN

IN THIS CASE, SINCE THE PATHOGEN IS SMALLER BUT MORE VIRULENT, A UNIQUE DISCHARGE WILL NOT BE ENOUGH

HUM LET'S SEE.

I BELIEVE IT WILL BE BETTER TO APPLY A WIDER AND MORE SPREAD SHOCK THERAPY

YES, THAT'S IT. PREPARE THE INSTRUMENTS FOR TOMORROW, NURSE. WE'LL SEE IF SUCCESS SMILES UPON US

I WISH, DOC

NEXT MORNING, FIFTY TERRESTRIAL YEARS LATER.

GOOD MORNING, DOCTOR. HAVE YOU ALREADY FOUND THE WAY TO CURE ME?

YES MADAM AND WE CAN PROCEED IMMEDIATELY.

THE SOONER WE START THE SOONER WE'LL FINISH.

LOOK. STAND IN FRONT OF THIS DEVICE AND DON'T MOVE.

DO I HAVE TO SMILE, DOCTOR?

YOU CAN IF YOU WANT TO, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO! I JUST NEED YOU TO STAY STILL.

BUT, IS IT GONNA HURT?... IS IT GONNA HURT MUCH, DOCTOR?

NO WAY. YOU ARE JUST GOING TO FEEL A FEW LITTLE PRICKS.

ARE YOU READY?

WELL, I DON'T KNOW...

BELIEVE ME, MS MILKY-WAY IT WON'T HURT YOU AT ALL...

AIIIEAGH!!

THE SMALL CREATURES CREATING YOUR DISCOMFORT ARE THE ONES WHO'LL GET THE WORST OF IT

SOUL CRUSHER

...WELCOME TO AZUREK CITY, A PLACE OF PROSPERITY AND CRINGING CHAOS...

STORY AND ART:
STEFANO CARDOSELLI

SCREENPLAY:
RITA GORGONI

LETTERING:
AZUREK STUDIOS

TRANSLATIONS:
MALENA B. MC GRATH

DEDICATED TO:
ALESSIO CARDOSELLI

AZUREK STUDIOS

FAST BURGERS

DAMN IT!!!!!!
MY FATHER WANTS ME
TO WORK FOR HIM IN HIS
FACTORY "FAST BURGER"!!!!
ALL I WANT TO DO
IS EAT UNTIL I
EXPLODE ... .

THAT'S MY DREAM.

I START TOMORROW
MORNING AT 9 O 'CLOCK,
ALL CLEANED UP,
SHAVE, A REAL
GENTLEMAN!!

I LOVE DADDY' S
BURGERS, FULL
OF GIZZARDS
AND FAT ... ...

FROM TOMORROW ON
ALL THE
"FAST BURGERS" I CAN EAT
AND GRATIS TOO!!!
I 'M FINALLY GONNA LEARN
THE SECRET INGREDIENTS
OF THESE FAMOUS BURGERS.

9.02 AM

MOVE IT FAT ASS!! INTO THE PIGGY MINCER!!!!!!!

EH!/ YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM/ THE NAME'S CHRISTOPHER FAST I'M THE SON OF ADAM JEFFREY FAST THE OWNER OF THIS JOINT LET ME GO!!

SIDE

SPLAT

MOTHER MILK

9.03 AM.
MOTHER MILK
DOUGHNUT
FACTORY.

GET RID
OF THEM ALL
NUCK THEM IF
NECESSARY

BOOM

SHIT.
NOT
AGAIN!!

KILL!!
KILL!!!!
KILL!!!!!

DAMN!!!
MY
CELLPHONE!!

AHH. WHAT A
BEAUTIFUL DAY!!

FWOOM

OHFF!!!!

MOTHER'S
MILK

KILL!!

FWOOOM

SIR
THE DROIDS
FROM
LOT OF SUGAR
ARE KILLING US.

WE HAVE TO
SURRENDER

*WHAT THE HELL
NEWMAN!!!*
WE'LL USE OUR
SECRET WEAPON AND
BLAST THEM DROIDS
AND THE WHOLE OF
LOT OF SUGAR.

NOW WITH EXTREME
PRECISION
WITHOUT LEAVING EVEN
A SCRATCH. AH, NEWMAN,
I'M HUNGRY SEND OUT
FOR SOME FAST BURGERS
AND MENTHOLATED POP

YOU KNOW NEWMAN,
THIS SECRET WEAPON
COST EIGHT
TRILLION AGON
DOLLARS.

ALL SYSTEMS
ARE READY?!
FIRE!!

AZUREK CITY 9 04 AM

BOOM

GO ON NOW CLARENCE EAT YOUR DOUGHNUTS.

YOU SEE NEWMAN, WITH THE UTMOST PRECISION WE HAVE ELIMINATED THE PROBLEM.

HOORAY FOR MOTHER MIL ARGHHHH!!!

SERGEANT, WHAT'S HAPPENING?

NOTHING BOY. JUST TWO JUNK FOOD INDUSTRIES BATTLING IT OUT OVER WHO GETS CONTROL OF THE SNACK MARKET ....

.COME ON. I'M HUNGRY. LET'S GO TO FAST BURGERS!!

THE END

EVEN THIS BRIEF VACATIONS IS OVER, TIME TO GET BACK TO WORK...
WHAT A PAIN.

[illegible] 85/101
9.05 AM

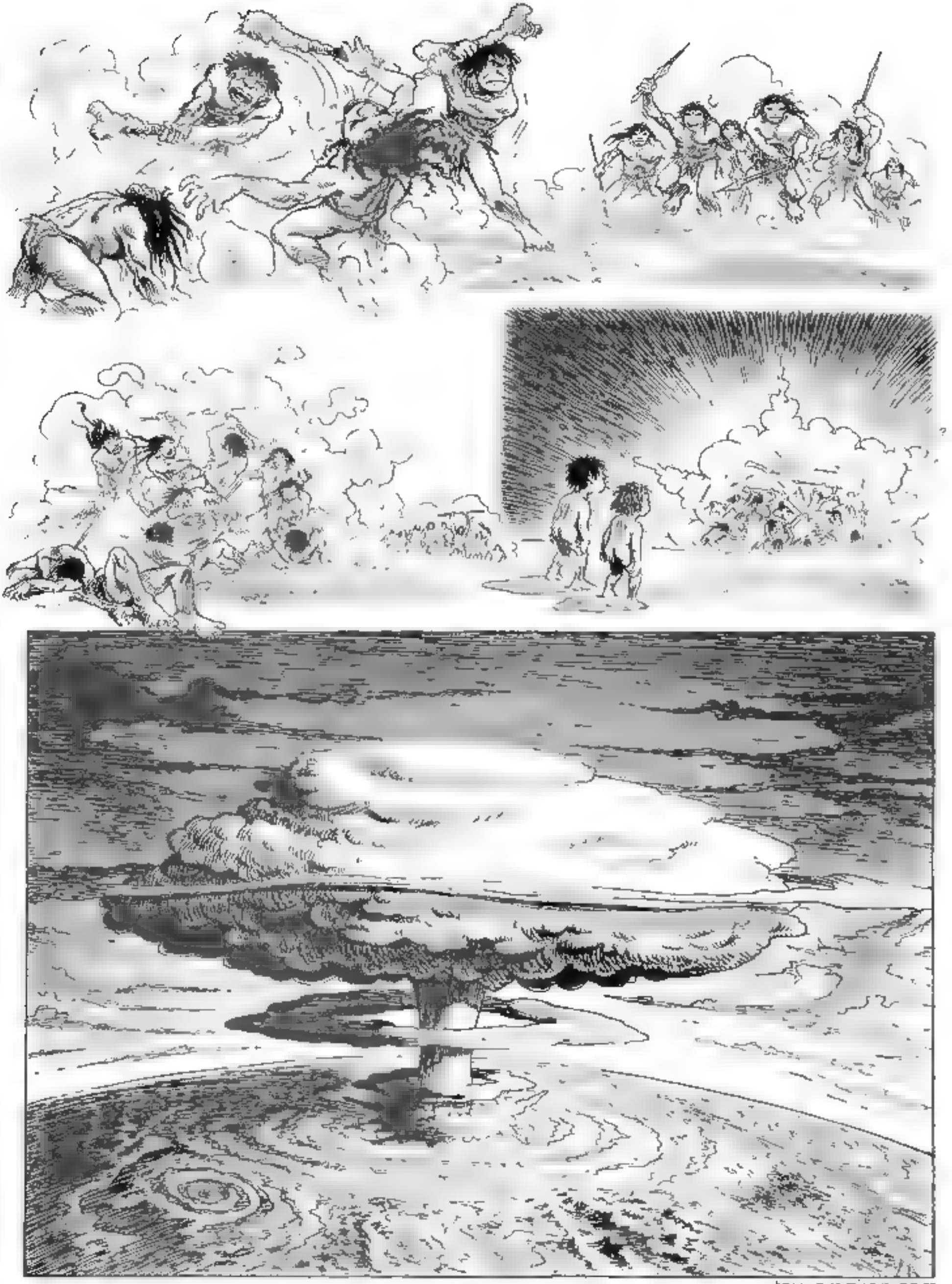
ANYWAY, THANKS TO AZUREK CITY THE BOSS IS GOING TO GIVE ME A BIG RAISE AT THE END OF THE MONTH I 'O BETTER GET ORESSED.
I'M GOING TO BE LATE

AZUREK CITY

.REALLY, THE ONLY BAD THING ABOUT THIS JOB IS THAT I'VE GOT TO WEAR THESE CLOTHES AND CARRY THIS BIG RUSTED SCRYTHE//

THE END -FOR NOW!

CAVEMAN



tayyarozkan.com

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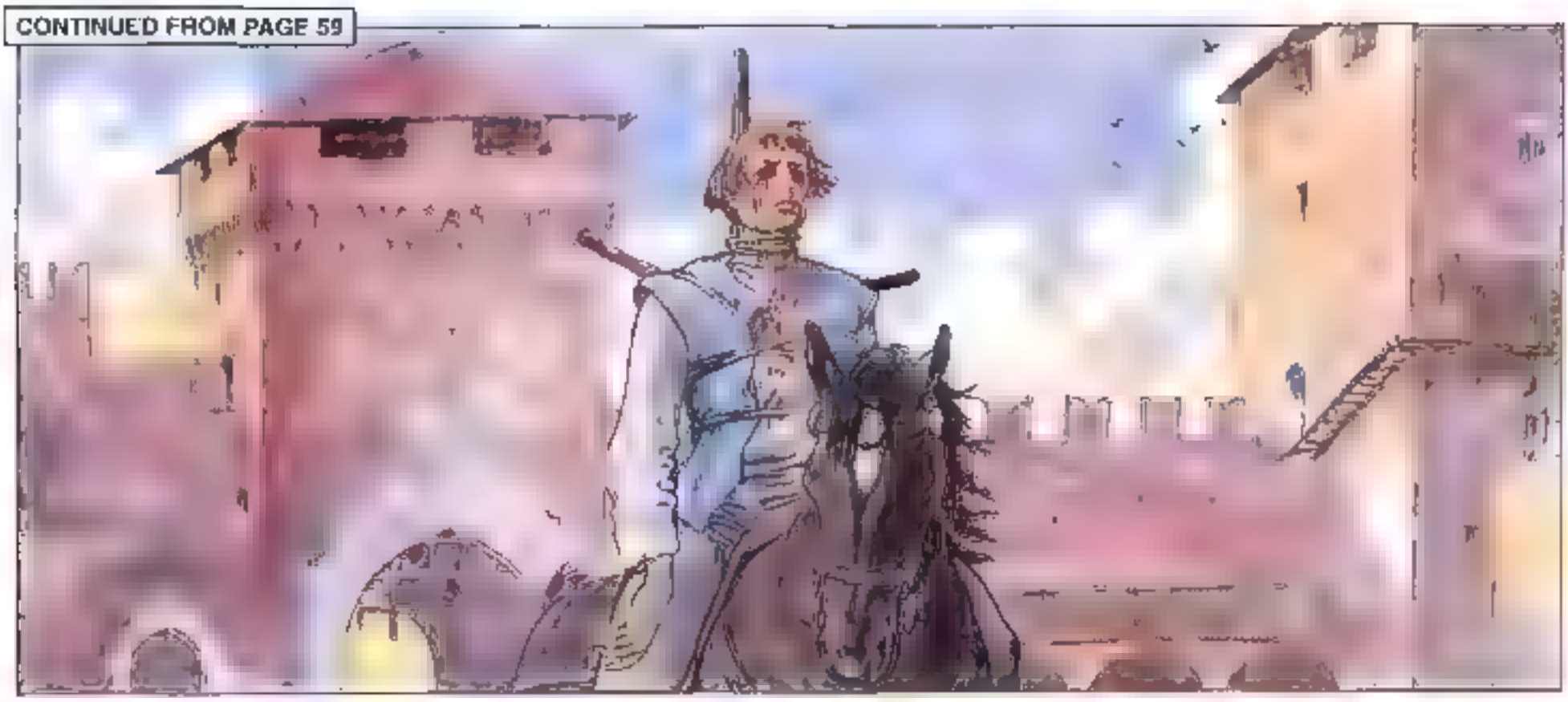
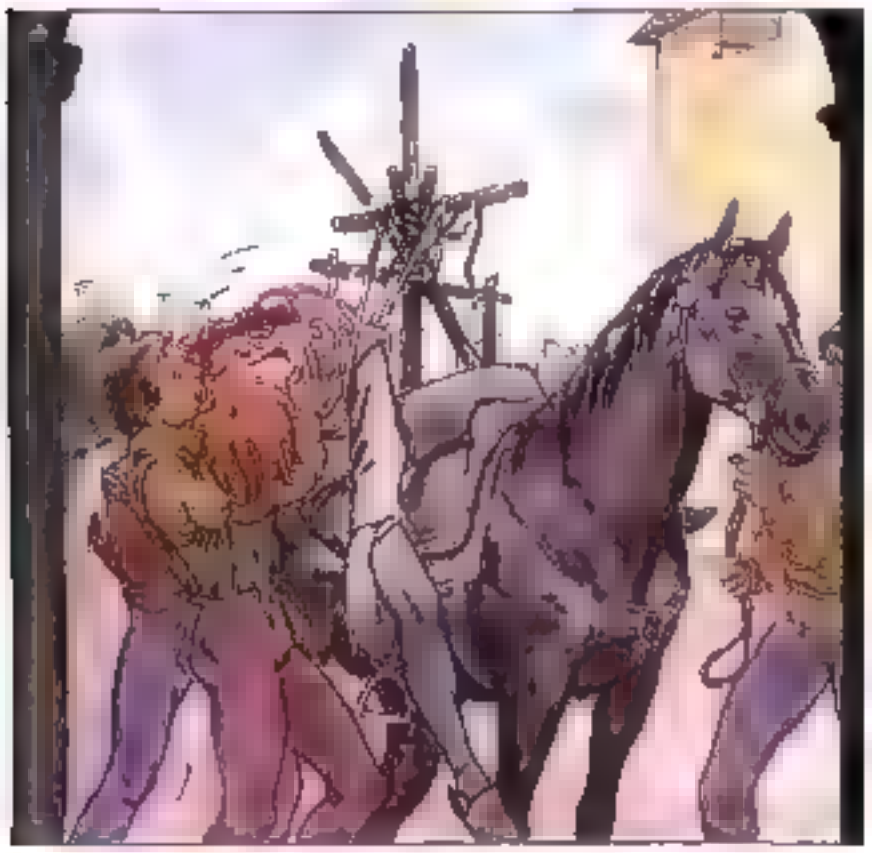




I SWEAR I WILL AVENGE YOU, MY SON I'LL USE MY ENTIRE FORTUNE TO BUY THE OTHER CARDINALS! RODRIGO BORGIA, YOU WILL NEVER OBTAIN WHAT YOU MOST DESIRE: TO BE ELECTED POPE!

GIOVANNI, DEAR CHILD, I SEE YOUR APPETITE HAS IMPROVED. YOUR LIFE IS NO LONGER IN DANGER. TOMORROW, WE CAN GO FOR A WALK...

YES, FATHER ALTHOUGH I STILL HAVE A STOMACH ACHE, THE DIARRHEA HAS STOPPED

I'VE GATHERED ALL OF YOU HERE IN GIOVANNI'S ROOM BECAUSE A THREAT HANGS OVER OUR FAMILY...

THE HEALTH OF INNOCENT VIII IS FAST DECLINING. THE MOMENT HE DIES A MERCILESS BATTLE WILL BEING AMONG THE CARDINALS FOR THE PAPAL THRONE...

BRIBES, BLACKMAIL. CRIMES .. THEY WILL STOP AT NOTHING... TO OBTAIN MY VOTE. THEY MAY EVEN THREATEN TO KILL YOU, AND TO AVOID THIS, I'M SENDING YOU FAR FROM ROME.

ADRIANA, YOU WILL TAKE JOFRE TO OUR MANSION IN SUBIACO. YOU WILL BE HIS TEACHER. YOU WILL TEACH HIM..

RODRIGO, THE FIRST THING I'LL TEACH HIM SO HE CAN SURVIVE IN THIS WORLD IS TO MIX POISONS

LUCREZIA AND JULIA WILL STUDY IN SAINT SIXTUS' CONVENT. GIOVANNI AND ORSO WILL GO TO BASSANELLE WHERE THEY WILL GET A GOOD MILITARY EDUCATION.

BUT I...

WHAT?! I DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITH A BUNCH OF NUNS! I HATE THOSE VIRAGOS!

WHAT ABOUT ME? DO YOU HATE ME TOO?

I'D RATHER STUDY PAINTING AND DRAWING...

CHILDREN, NOT ANOTHER WORD OUT OF YOU! DON'T QUESTION MY ORDERS! CESARE, YOU WILL GO TO THE UNIVERSITY OF PISA TO STUDY LAW AND THEOLOGY.

AS USUAL, YOU'VE GOT YOUR SONS MIXED UP! IT'S GIOVANNI THAT SHOULD BE MADE TO SPOUT HOLY WATER AND I'M THE ONE THAT SHOULD WIELD THE SWORD. SEND HIM TO PISA AND ME TO BASSANELLE...

NO, MY SON. YOU'RE WRONG. YOU POSSESS A SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE AND I'M COUNTING ON YOU TO TAKE MY PLACE SOME DAY..

HMM...

IF THE MYSTERIOUS BEING THAT WE CALL GOD DOESN'T PUT ANY OBSTACLES IN MY WAY, I'M GOING TO BE THE NEXT POPE. THEN WHEN ALL THE PERILS HAVE BEEN OVERCOME, I'LL SEND FOR YOU...

I WAS THE GOOD POPE PIUS II. I TRIED TO BUY SULTAN MOHAMMED AND CONVERT HIM TO CHRISTIANITY... AND I DIED.

HA HA HA...

I WAS THE VAIN POPE PAUL II. I TRIED TO RIVAL THE MEDICI WITH MY COLLECTION OF MEDALS AND PAINTINGS... AND I DIED.

HEE HEE HEE...

I WAS THE ZEALOUS POPE SIXTUS IV. I COMMISSIONED THE SISTINE CHAPEL ORDERED THE SIEGE OF FLORENCE AND ORGANIZED A CRUSADE AGAINST THE TURKS... AND I DIED.

HA HA HA

YOU ARE NOT IMMORTAL! YOU TOO SHALL DIE, INNOCENT VIII! HEE HEE HEE...

NOOO!! I WANT MILK! I NEED A TRANSFUSION! I WANT TO LIVE! HEEELLLP!

YOUR HOLINESS, WE ARE HERE TO SERVE YOU!

WE BRING YOU MILK AND FRESH BLOOD!

TOO LATE! THE POPE IS DEAD!

UGH! HOW HORRIBLE! WHAT A DISGUSTING OLD MAN!

HE PISSED AND SHAT! HE STINKS! HE WAS THE DEVIL!

SHUT UP... FOREVER!

SACRILEGE!

HIS HOLINESS IS DEAD FORTUNATELY HIS PASSING WAS PEACEFUL. WASH HIM, MAKE HIM UP AND DRESS HIM IN WHITE ROBES...

YES, MONSIGNOR. WE WILL SEE TO IT

HE WAS A SAINT AND HE WILL BE BURIED AS A SAINT!

A MOVING SCENE.. A POPE IS DEAD.. A SORDID CEREMONY..

NINE DAYS OF CROCODILE TEARS BEFORE THE CONCLAVE..

THIS TIME, TWENTY-THREE CARDINALS ARE CONTENDERS, YOUR EMINENCE..

WHAT ARE MY CHANCES?

NOT VERY GOOD. ASCANIO SFORZA OF MILAN HAS TEN SURE VOTES. JULIANO DELLA ROVERE OF NAPLES CAN COUNT ON EIGHT. YOU ONLY HAVE FIVE THAT ARE SURE TO BE CAST IN YOUR FAVOR. YOUR SPANISH DESCENT IS A DISADVANTAGE

I KNOW. NATIVE-BORN ITALIANS REGARD ME AS A FOREIGNER AND A CATALAN INTRUDER BUT I'M INNOCENT IV'S SOLE HEIR...

UNFORTUNATELY THAT INHERITANCE IS INSIGNIFICANT, COMPARED TO GASPARE MALATESTA'S WEALTH..

HE SOLD ALL HIS LAND AND HE'S SENT ONE HUNDRED MULES LADEN WITH GOLD, SILVER AND PRECIOUS STONES TO HELP ASCANIO SFORZA'S CANDIDACY

THAT CONCEITED LION BE DAMNED!

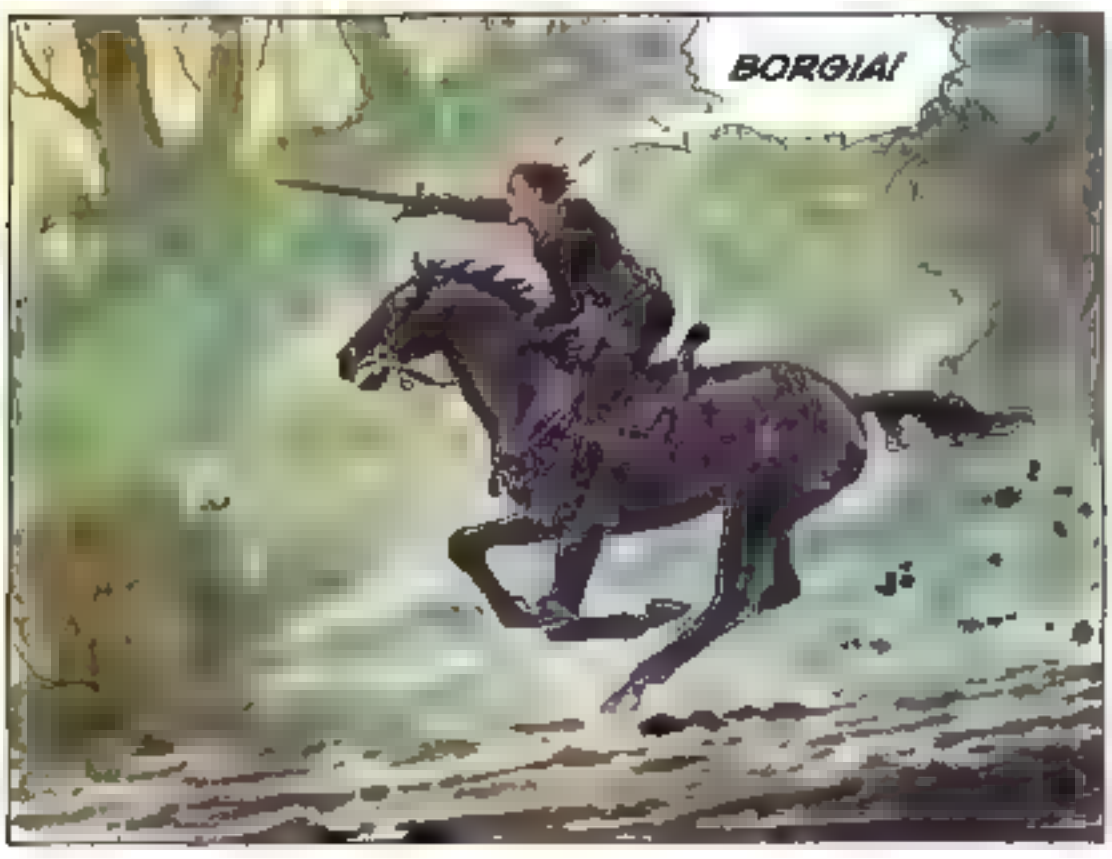
AND THE HANDSOME YOUNG JULIANO DELLA ROVERE CAN COUNT ON THE 150 MONKS WHO WERE HIS LOVERS AND WHO EMBEZZLED THE CHURCH FOR HIS SAKE. HIS WEALTH IS BOUNDLESS. HE'LL BE ABLE TO BUY ALL THE VOTES.

DUARTE, I NEED THE LIST OF THOSE 150 SODOMITES...

MICHELETTO, ALL MY ARCHERS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE. YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO...

IT'S AS IF YOUR ORDERS HAD ALDREADY BEEN CARRIED OUT.

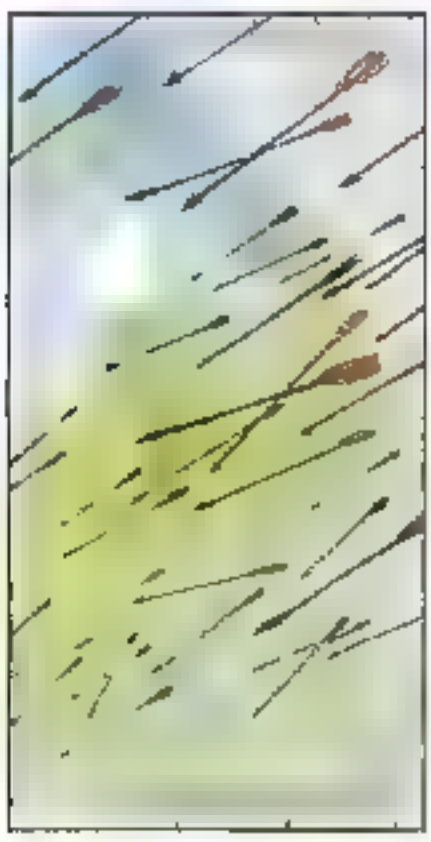
WHAT IS IT?

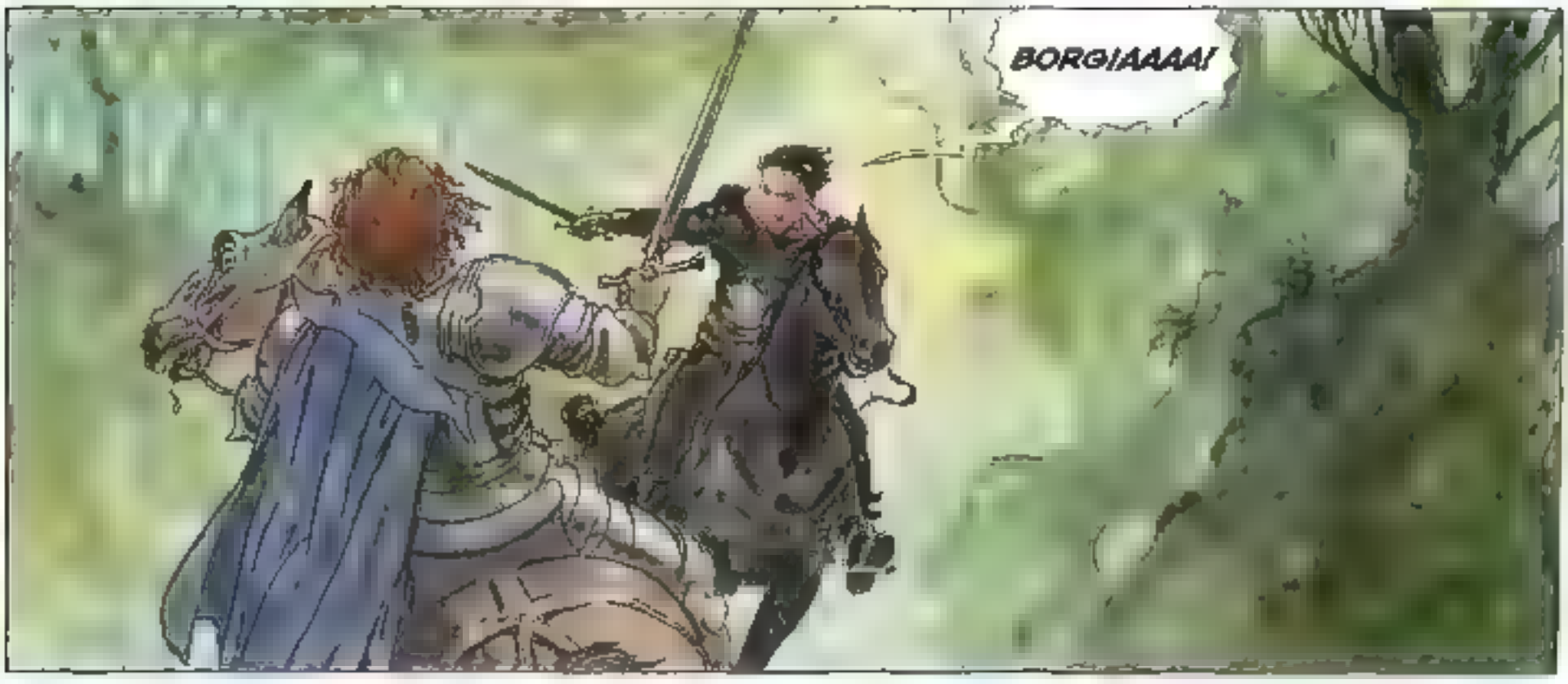

BORGIA!

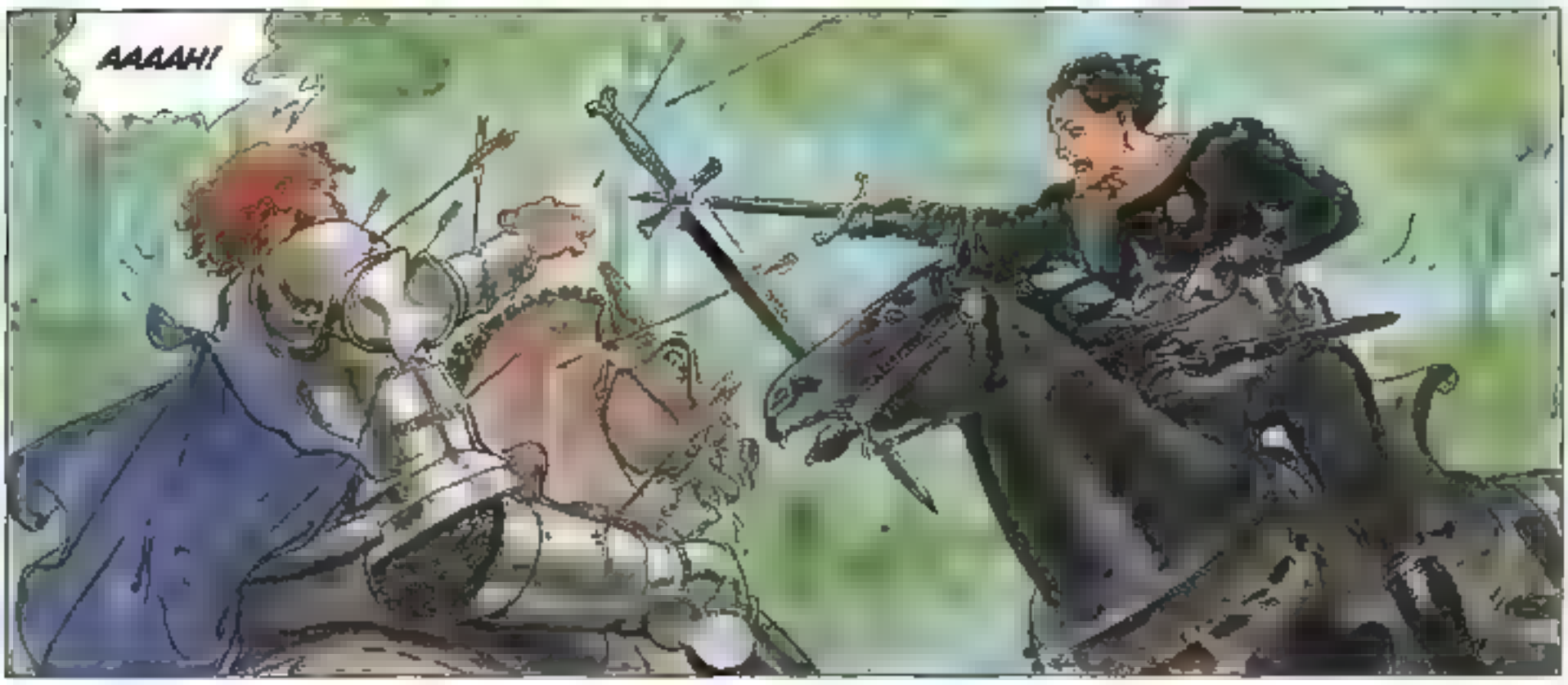
STOP! WHO'S THAT MADMAN? GET YOUR WEAPONS READY!

BORGIAAAA!

DIE, PATHETIC FOOL!




BORGIAAAA!


AAAAH!

BORGIA!

SHIT! BLACK SMOKE! NO CANDIDATE HAS RECEIVED A MAJORITY.

THEY'VE BEEN LOCKED UP IN THERE FOR A WEEK AND THOSE VULTURES STILL HAVEN'T MADE THEIR CHOICE

IT'S ABOUT TIME THEY DID... IF THEY DON'T THEY'RE GOING TO STARVE TO DEATH.

THE SOONER THEY ELECT A NEW POPE THE BETTER. WITHOUT A POPE ROME TURNS TO CHAOS. THERE ARE COUNTLESS BURGLARIES AND MURDERS EVERY DAY.

WE STILL DON'T HAVE A POPE! NO ONE HAS THE REQUIRED FIFTEEN BALLOTS. I REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT FROM NOW ON, OUR DAILY RATIONS WILL BE REDUCED TO A CRUST OF BREAD AND A FLASK OF WATER

SLEEP ON IT/ AND I HOPE THAT AFTER WE VOTE TOMORROW WE WILL BE ABLE TO PROCLAIM: "ANNUNCIO VOBIS, GAUDIUM PAPEM HABEMUS!"

ORSINI, YOU WILL BE AWARDED THE BISHOPRIC OF CARTAGENA. COLONNA, YOU WILL BE GIVEN THE ABBEY OF SUBIACO. SAVELLI, MY FRIEND, YOU WILL BE GRANTED THE TOWN OF CIVITA CASTELLANA. BUT FOR ALL THIS TO HAPPEN, WE NEED A MAJORITY

MAY I COME IN, MOST EMINENT ASCANIO SFORZA?

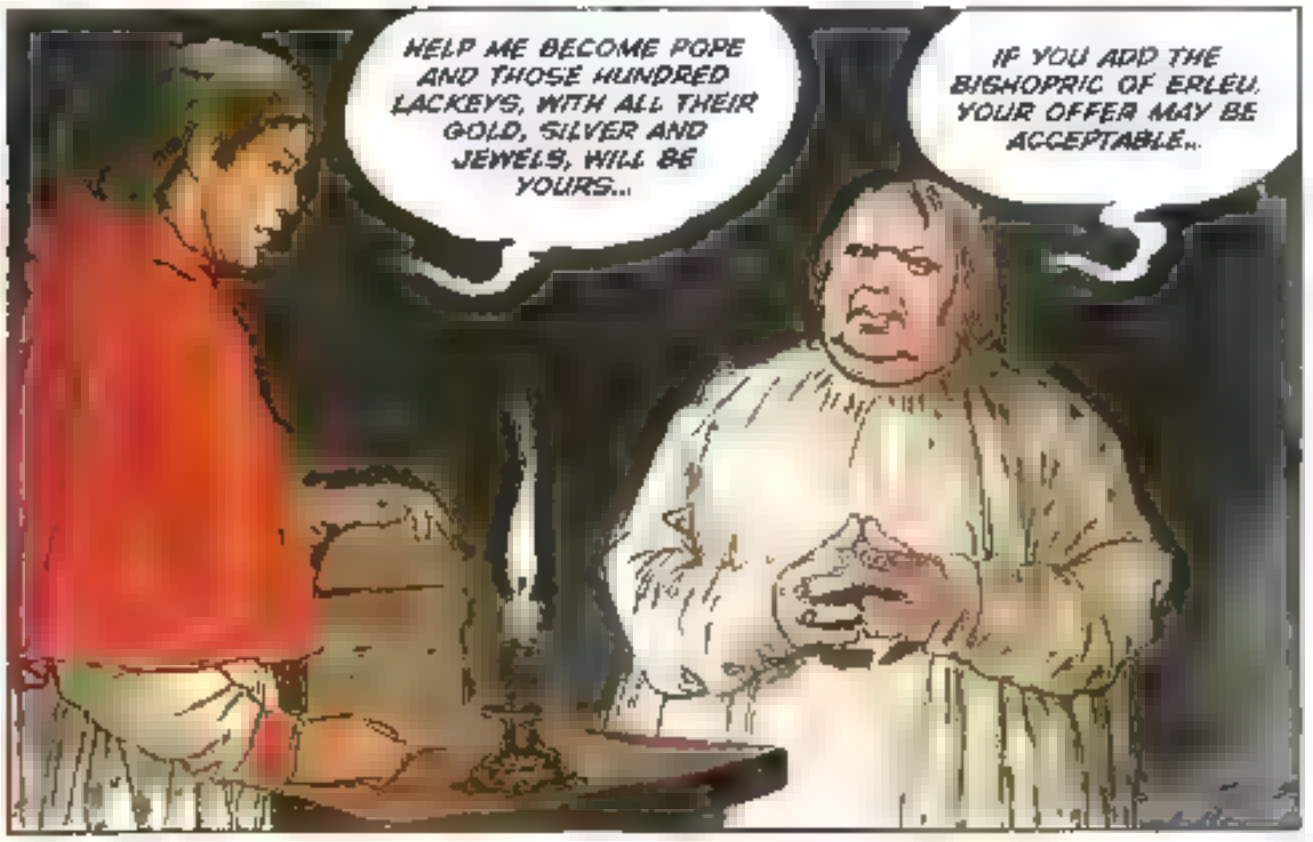
I WAS EXPECTING YOU, BRIGAND! COME IN!

YOU'RE AMBITIOUS AND NAIVE! DO YOU THINK YOU'RE RICH ENOUGH TO BUY THE VOTES YOU NEED? WELL, DON'T COUNT ON ME! I'M MUCH RICHER THAN YOU... AND I SET THE PRICE.

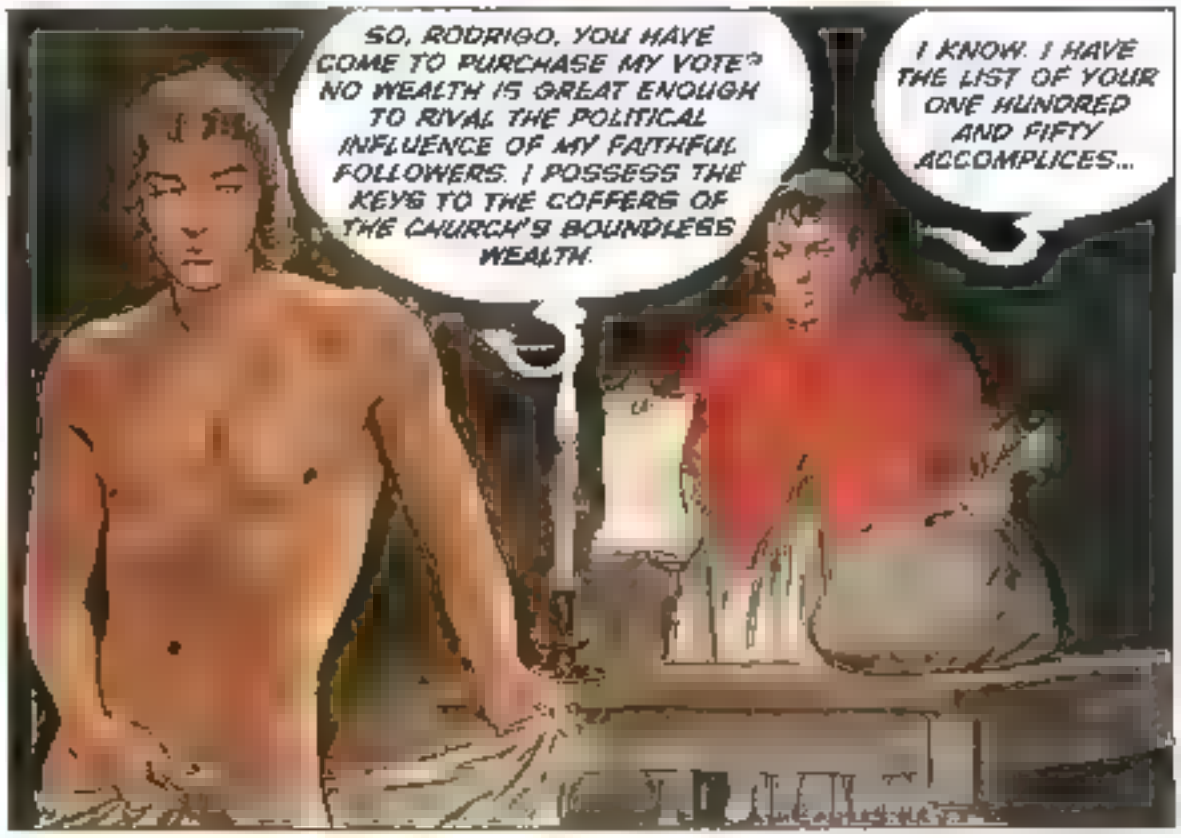
YOU ARE MISTAKEN, SFORZA... YOU HAVE NO FORTUNE... LOOK!

DAMN YOU!

MALATESTA'S HUNDRED LACKEYS ARE IN MY POWER FORGET YOUR DREAMS AND FACE THE FACTS: YOU CAN'T BUY ANYONE!


HELP ME BECOME POPE AND THOSE HUNDRED LACKEYS, WITH ALL THEIR GOLD, SILVER AND JEWELS, WILL BE YOURS...
IF YOU ADD THE BISHOPRIC OF ERLEU, YOUR OFFER MAY BE ACCEPTABLE...

MAY I COME IN, MY HANDSOME YOUNG JULIANO?
COME IN, WRETCHED FLATTERER!


SO, RODRIGO, YOU HAVE COME TO PURCHASE MY VOTE? NO WEALTH IS GREAT ENOUGH TO RIVAL THE POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF MY FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS. I POSSESS THE KEYS TO THE COFFERS OF THE CHURCH'S BOUNDLESS WEALTH.
I KNOW. I HAVE THE LIST OF YOUR ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACCOMPLICES...

THEY AREN'T MY ACCOMPLICES, BUT MY LOVERS! THEY'RE CRAZY ABOUT ME BECAUSE I PROVIDE QUALITY AND QUANTITY!

HA, HA, QUALITY- MAYBE AS FOR QUANTITY, I THINK YOU'RE EXAGGERATING!

YOU'RE DEFEATED! LOVE IS STRONGER THAN GOD!

BUT IT'S NOT STRONGER THAN DEATH! HERE, I HAVE A PRESENT FOR YOU!

OH MY GOD! NOOOO!

OH YES, JULIANO... NOW YOU HAVE NO MORE ACCOMPLICES! THEY'VE ALL BEEN EXECUTED YOU CAN KEEP THEIR POSSESSIONS AS SOUVENIRS!

BOOHOO... BOOOOOH!

SO, MY GOOD FRIEND, IF YOU HELP ME BECOME CHRIST'S REPRESENTATIVE ON EARTH, I WILL SHOWER YOU WITH WEALTH AND HONORS I'LL GIVE YOU MY OWN PALACE AND I'LL MAKE YOU VICE CHANCELLOR. AN EAGY, HIGHLY PROFITABLE POSITION..

PROMISE ME?

WAKE UP, GHERARD!!

LET ME SLEEP! I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANY-ONE! GO TO HELL!

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE, WHY DON'T YOU LOCK THE DOOR, YOU OLD FOX?

OUT OF CURIOSITY! I ALREADY HAVE ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE.. WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO OFFER AN OLD MAN OF NINETY-FIVE?

IT'S TRUE THAT YOU'RE VERY OLD. HOW COULD IT POSSIBLY BE TO YOUR ADVANTAGE TO BACK UP ONE CANDIDATE RATHER THAN ANOTHER? YOU DON'T CARE IF YOUR LIKENESS IS PAINTED ON CANVAS OR IMMORTALIZED IN MARBLE... YOU HATE ART!

IT IS SO. I DESIRE NOTHING. I AM HALF DEAD..

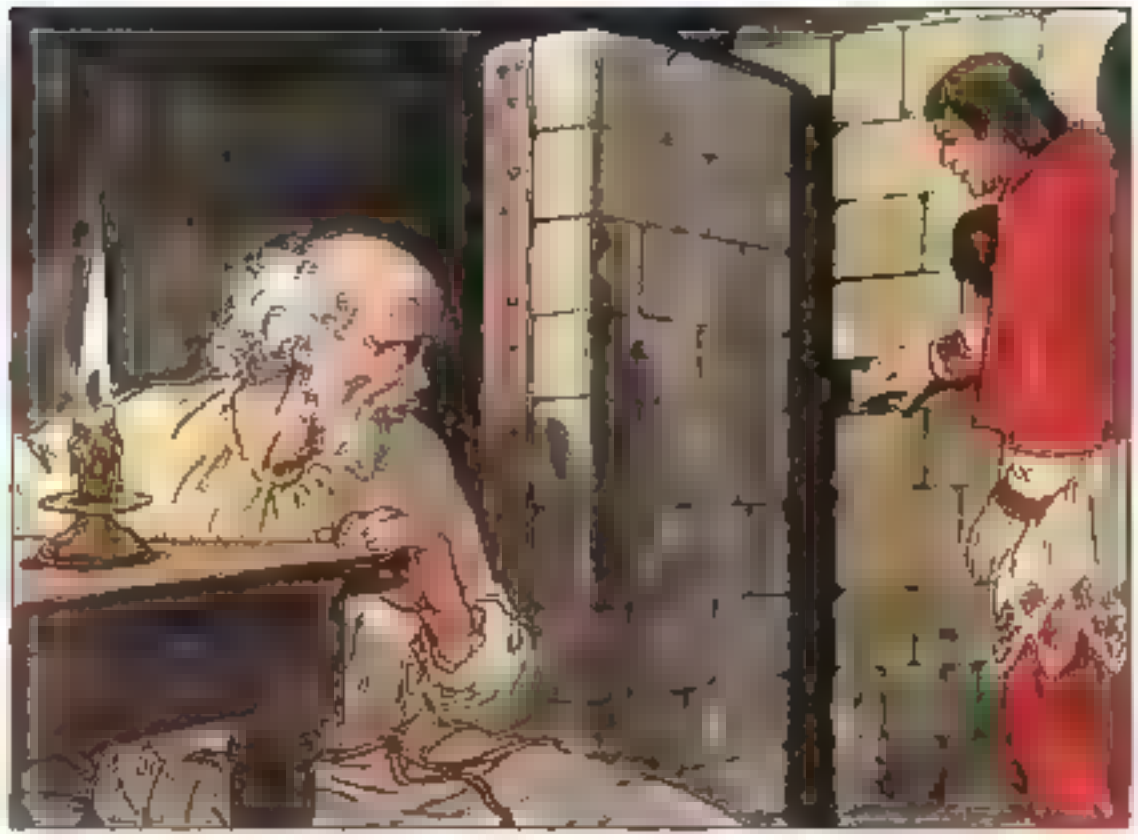
I CAN GIVE YOU WHAT YOU LACK: LIFE THE LIFE OF A GORGEOUS YOUNG LADY..

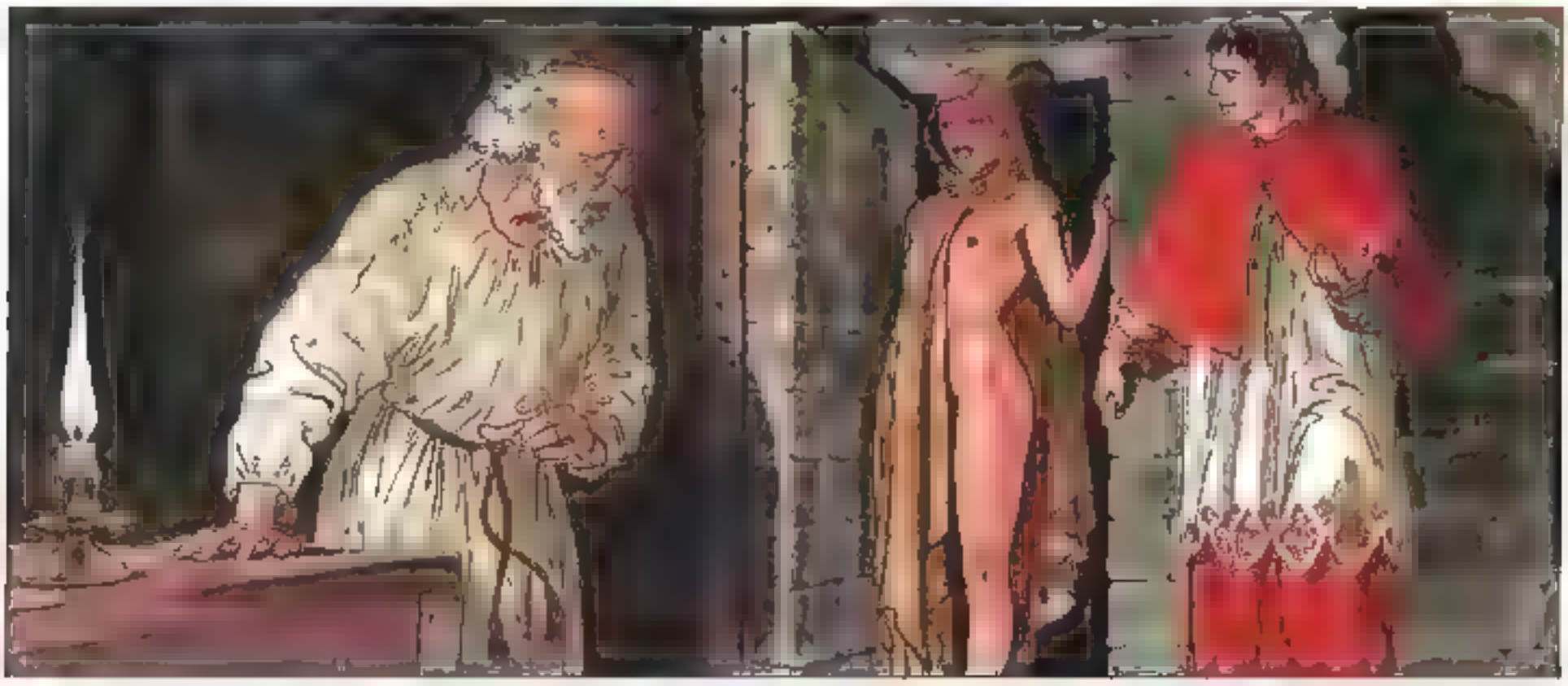
YOU'RE JOKING! AT MY AGE! I'M REVOLTING. EVEN WHORES WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH ME!

I NOW HAVE FOURTEEN VOTES IN MY FAVOR. I NEED ONE MORE. IF YOU PROMISE TO VOTE FOR ME, I SWEAR THAT TONIGHT YOUR MEMBER WILL BE NESTLED IN ROSE PETALS..

WE RE LOCKED UP IN HERE THE GUARDS HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO KILL ANYONE WHO TRIES TO GET IN ARE YOU ABOUT TO PERFORM A MIRACLE?

I CAN DO IT! BECAUSE OF YOUR AGE YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN THE BIGGEST CELL IT CONTAINS A SECRET.. WHICH WAS REVEALED TO ME BY THE LATE INNOCENT..





I MUST BE DREAMING!
NO, YOU'RE NOT DREAMING. MEET VANOZZA, MY MISTRESS, FOR WHOM I AM GREATLY ENVIED. TONIGHT SHE IS YOURS ACCEPT THIS GIFT.

OH CHRIST! I ACCEPT TORTURE, JUST AS YOU DID!

GAAAAAHH!

WHAT .. DO I CARE... ABOUT .. HELL... SINCE... I'VE... KNOWN... PARADISE...

CONGRATULATIONS, OLD MAN! IF YOU VOTE FOR ME, YOU CAN HAVE VANOZZA AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE..

VANOZZA, RODRIGO HAS GIVEN YOU AN ORDER.. BUT WILL YOU OBEY HIM?

I COULD DISOBEY A CARDINAL, BUT DISOBEYING A POPE WOULD BE TANTAMOUNT TO DISOBEYING GOD.

THAT'S TRUE..

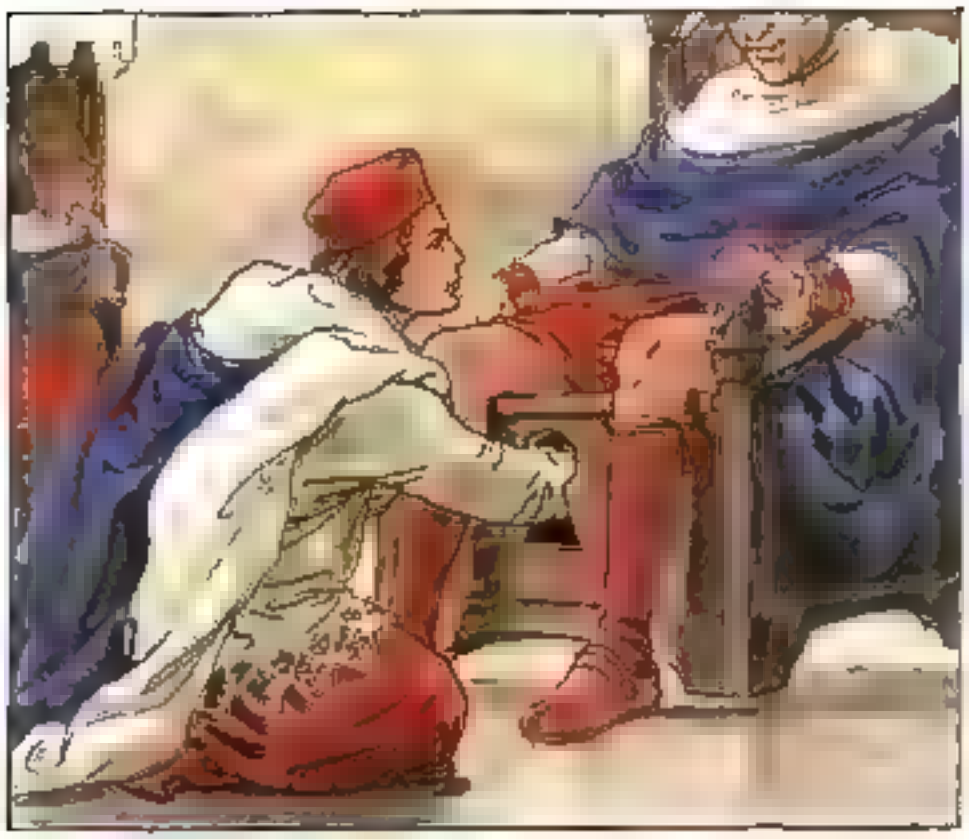
ANNUNCIO VOBIS, RODRIGO BORGIA, GAUDIUM PAPEM HABEMUS! WE HAVE A POPE!

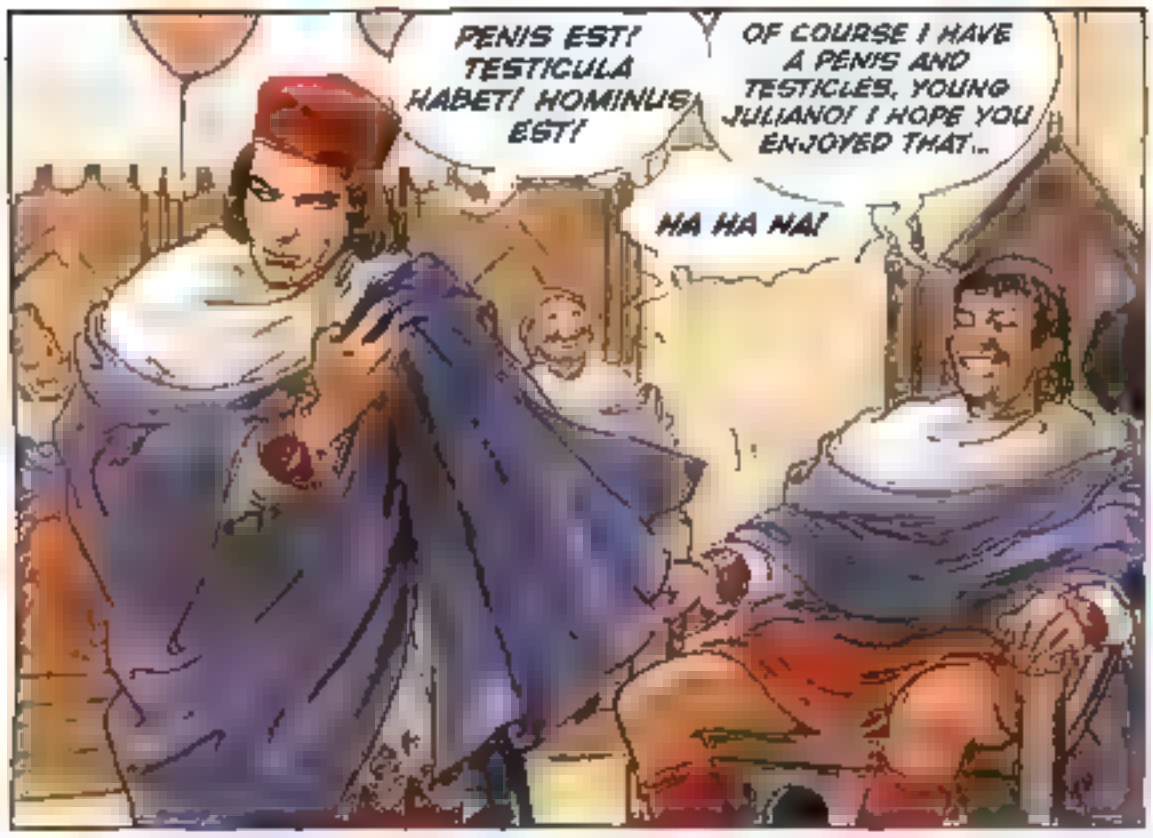
I SWEAR ON THE HOLIEST OF HOLIES THAT I WILL NOT DISAPPOINT YOU.. SO HELP ME GOD!

JUST A MOMENT WE DON'T HAVE A NEW POPE YET BRING THE "SEDIA STERCOLARA". IN OTHER WORDS THE CHAIR FOR EX-CREMENTS!

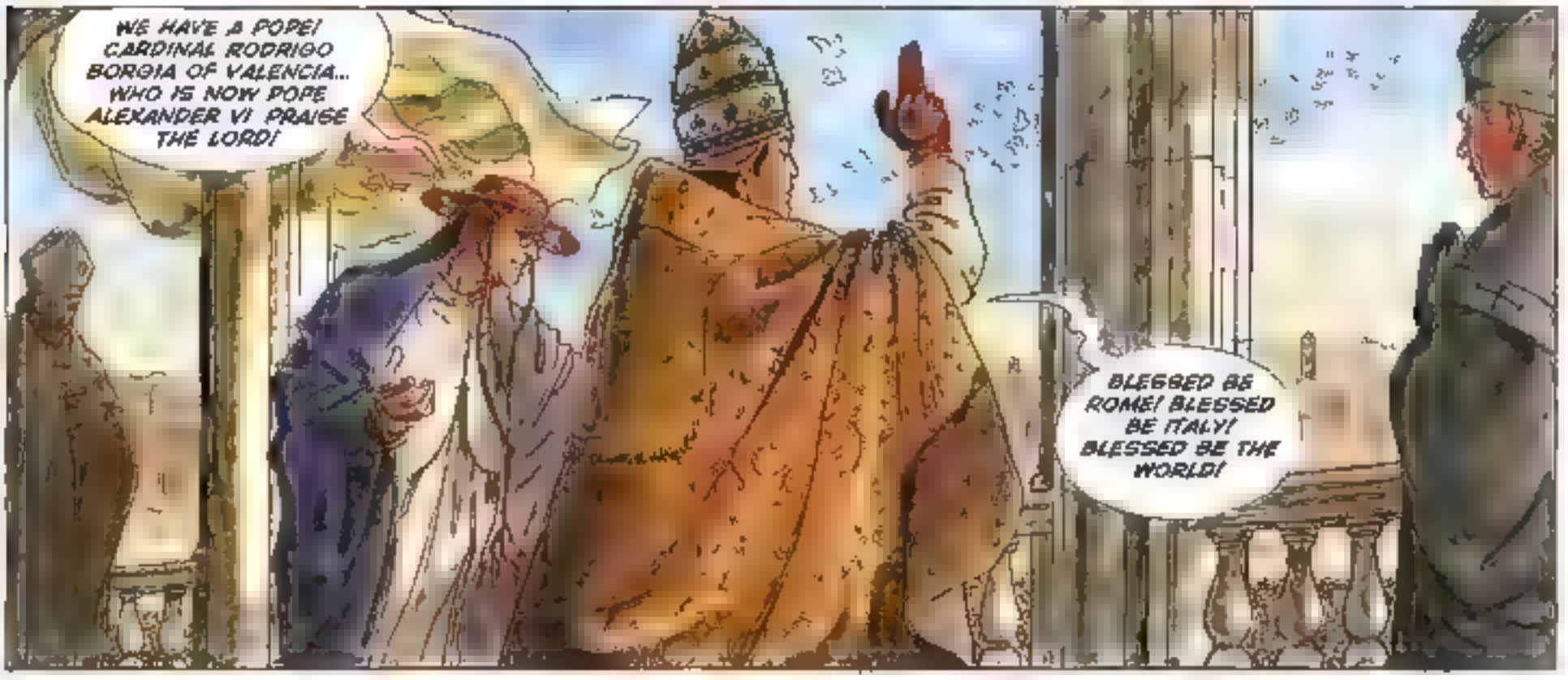
WILL THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE SACRED COLLEGE OF CARDINALS PLEASE STEP FORWARD AND PERFORM HIS DUTIES?

HERE I AM, CAMERLENGO COSTA!




PENIS EST! TESTICULA HABET! HOMINUS EST!
OF COURSE I HAVE A PENIS AND TESTICLES, YOUNG JULIANO! I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THAT...
HA HA HA!

WHITE SMOKE! WHITE SMOKE!
THANK YOU, HOLY VIRGIN! WE ARE SAVED. THE PILLAGING WILL NOW STOP...


WE HAVE A POPE! CARDINAL RODRIGO BORGIA OF VALENCIA... WHO IS NOW POPE ALEXANDER VI PRAISE THE LORD!
BLESSED BE ROME! BLESSED BE ITALY! BLESSED BE THE WORLD!

SAINT SIXTUS' CONVENT.

DOONG DOONG

IT'S MY TURN NOW, LUCREZIA!

TURN AROUND TEN TIMES!

ONE... TWO... THREE...

THE BITCH NEVER LOSES HER BEARINGS!

THE PRINCESS MISSED!

YOU'RE USELESS! I'M THE WINNER!

USELESS! USELESS! USELESS!

FILTHY LIARS! NO ONE MAKES FUN OF A BORGIA!

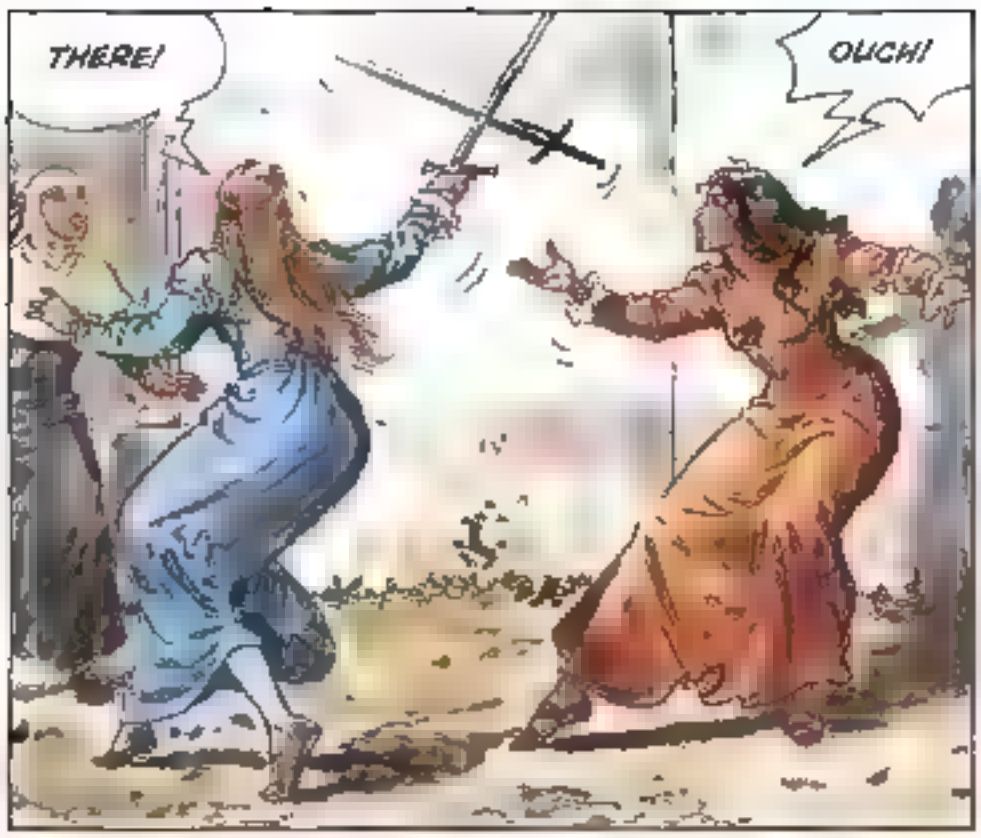
YOU CHEATED, JULIA! YOU COULDN'T STAND IT THAT I WON, AS USUAL! YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS. YOU KNOW I'M BETTER THAN YOU!

YOU THINK YOU'RE SO SMART AND SO BEAUTIFUL! STUPID IDIOT! YOU SHOULD LOOK IN THE MIRROR!

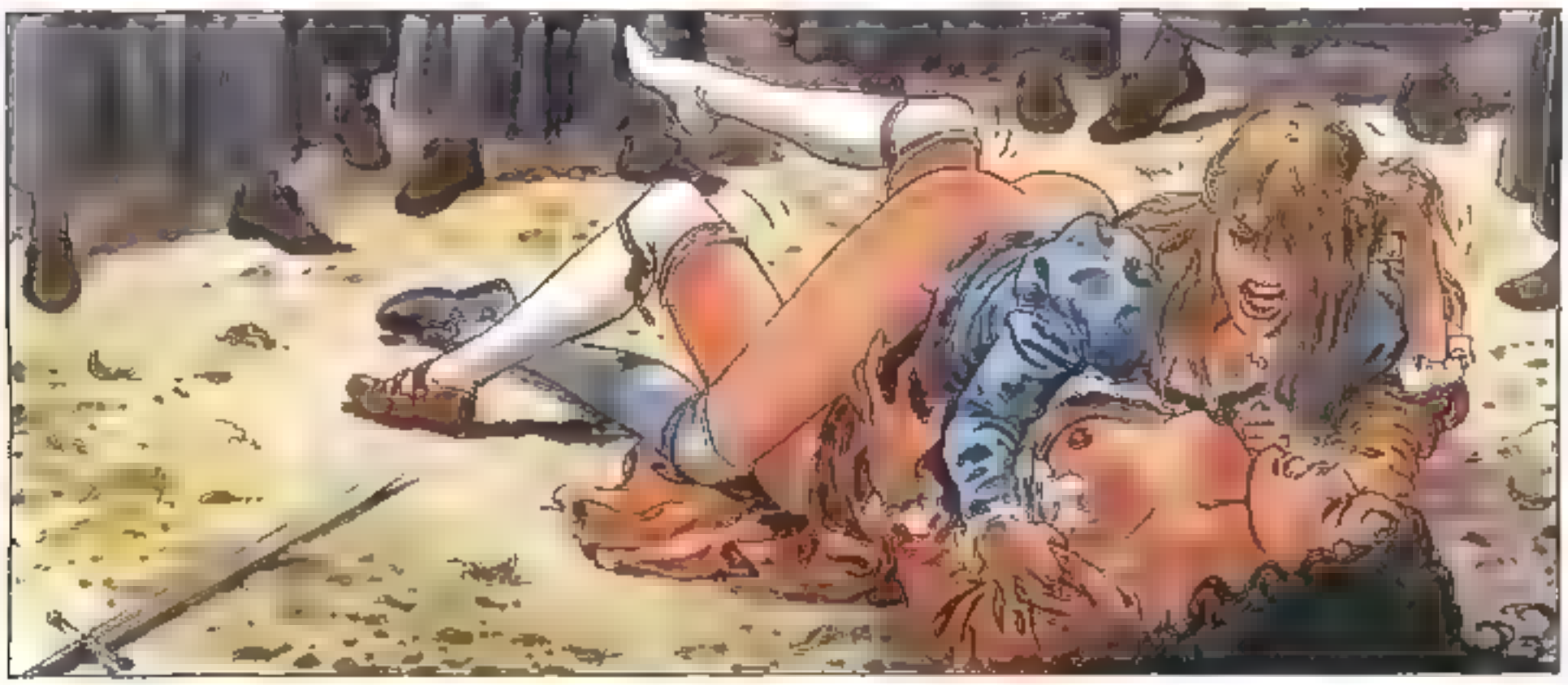
MIRRORS AREN'T ALLOWED IN THIS DAMN CONVENT BUT I'LL ADMIRE MY REFLECTION IN A POOL OF YOUR BLOOD!

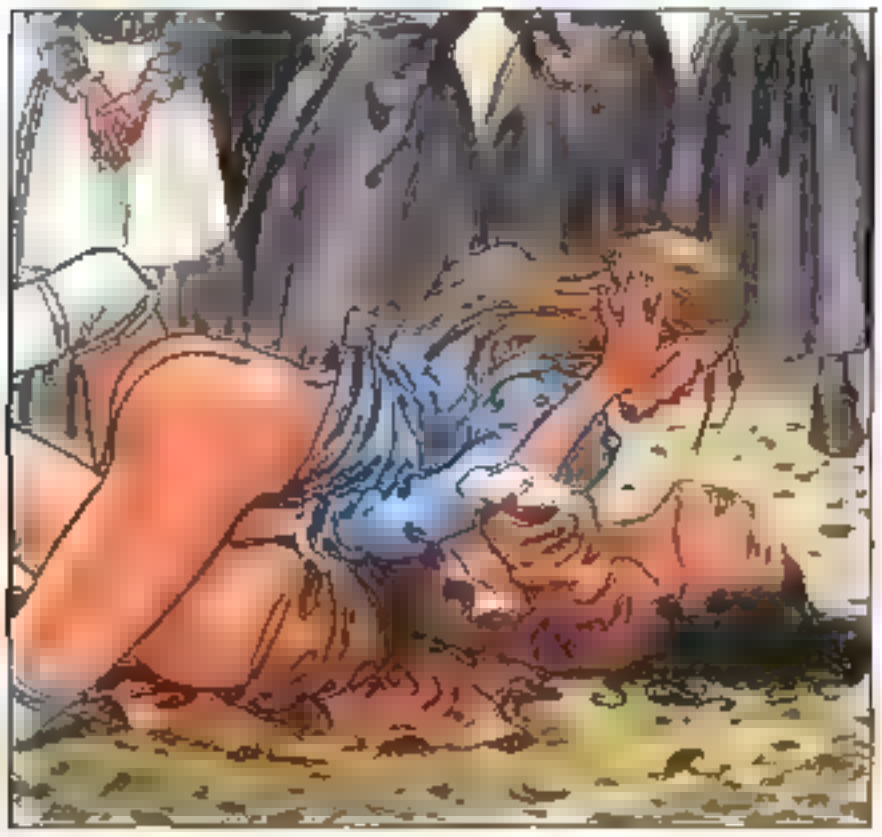
I DARE YOU!

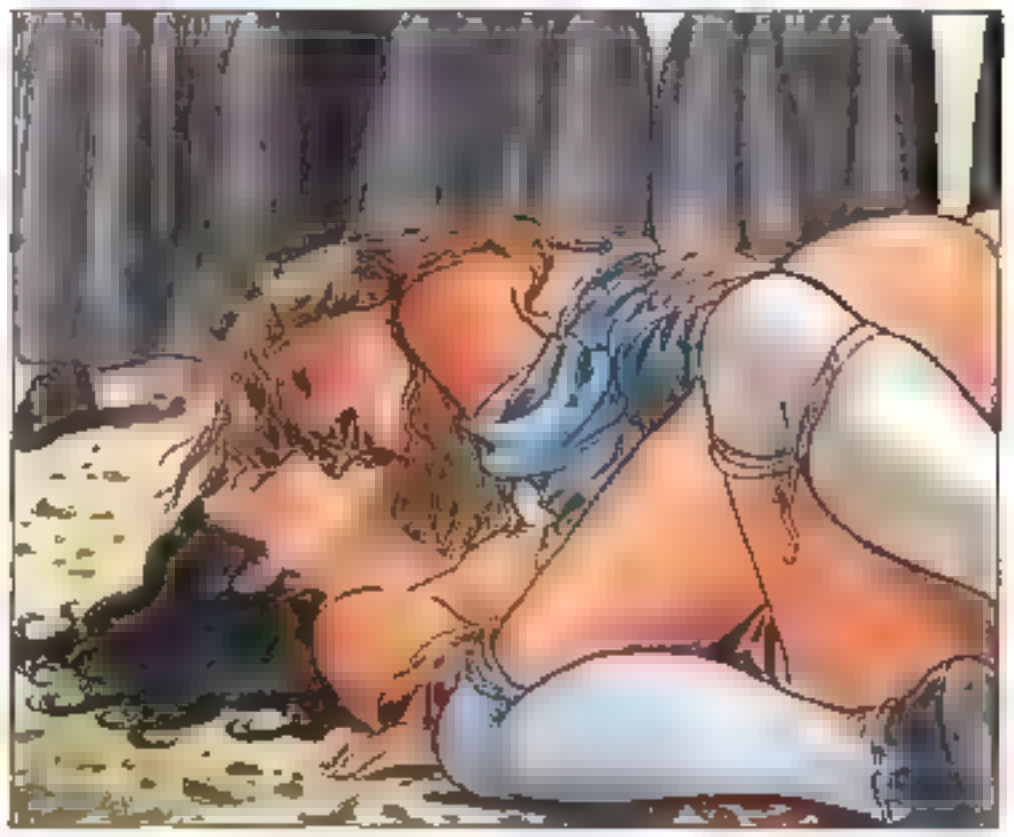
YOU'LL SEE!


THERE!
OUCH!

KILL HER!
KILL HER!







LUSTFUL DEVILS! NAUSEATING WHORES!

AAAIEE!
NOOO!
YOU HAVE SINNED AGAINST GOD, AND YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BE EQUAL TO YOUR OFFENSE! FASTING, WHIPPING AND THE DUNGEON!

HYPOCRITICAL BIGOT! AND WHAT ABOUT YOU?! I'VE SEEN THE SISTERS KNOCKING AT YOUR DOOR AT NIGHT AND LEAVING IN THE EARLY HOURS COVERED WITH YOUR FOUL SALIVIA!
OOOH! SUCH UNBEARABLE INSOLENCE!

GO ON THEN, WHORE! LICK MY BOTTOM!
HA HA! YOU DO IT! YOU'RE PAID TO SERVE US!

MAKE THOSE MONSTERS SHUT UP! THEY'RE POSSESSED BY THE DEVIL!

PUTRID BITCH! YOU WOULDN'T DARE LIFT YOUR HAND AGAINST THE POPE'S DAUGHTER! ALEXANDER VI WILL DESTROY YOUR CONVENT AND YOUR BONES WILL GLISTEN AMIDST THE RUBBLE!

YOU'RE WRONG, DEVIL! IN THIS PARCHMENT, HIS HOLINESS GIVES ME PERMISSION TO USE EVERY MEANS AT MY DISPOSAL TO TAME YOU!

DIE, BITCH!

GO ON! DON'T HOLD BACK!

AARGH!

BITCH! WHY ARE YOU ONLY PUNISHING MY FRIEND? I'VE DONE EVERYTHING SHE'S DONE!

I CANNOT CONFER ON YOUR BODY THE PUNISHMENT THAT YOUR DEGENERATE SOUL DESERVES! YOUR FLESH MUST BE PRESERVED INTACT. YOU SHALL LEAVE THE CONVENT TODAY. YOUR FATHER IS MARRYING YOU TO GIOVANNI SFORZA, THE NEPHEW OF THE PRINCE OF MILAN...

FREEDOM AT LAST!

DON'T LOSE HEART, MY LOVE... I WILL SOON MAKE THOSE STERILE BITCHES PAY FOR THE PAIN THEY'VE CAUSED YOU, I SWEAR!

PACK YOUR THINGS, YOU LITTLE WHORE! LORD MACHIAVELLI IS COMING TO TAKE YOU TO ROME...

FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE:

BORGIA

A NEW GRAPHIC NOVEL FROM MANARA & JODOROWSKY

Art by Tom Fleming
www.flemart.com